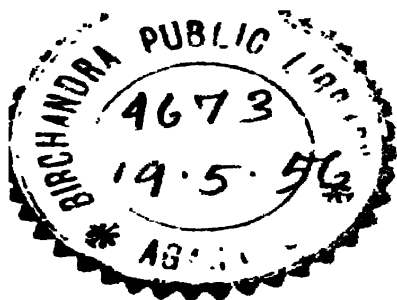


22 STAYED

by

Virginia Pasley



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***Photographs of the 22 men who are the subject of this book
appear between pages 128 and 129.***

I

ON January 23, 1919, one British soldier and twenty-one American youths turned their backs on family and friends, home and country to accept the philosophy and the way of life of the Chinese Reds who had held them in Korean prison camps for three years or more. All but one of the Americans were brought up in American towns and rural communities, educated in American schools, all trained in an American army.

Though America has had its Benedict Arnolds, never before has a group of American prisoners of war chosen to remain with their captors. Of more significance, never before has a group of Americans taken an active part in a propaganda campaign directed against their own country.

Why did they do it? Was there anything they had in common? Could a clue be found in their backgrounds, their early lives, their schooling? Was the army to blame? Or was it just fate and circumstances?

These were questions that Alicia Patterson, editor and publisher of the Long Island newspaper *Newsday*, and I were discussing that last week in January. We couldn't find the answers. The surveys that had been made in the months since it was known American soldiers planned to stay with the enemy gave little more than sketchy, inconclusive pictures.

"How would you like to go to all their home towns and see if you can find the answers?" Miss Patterson asked me.

Of course I would.

So it was that I made my strange three-month tour up and down America by train and plane, bus, and rented car. I cannot recommend my itinerary to those looking for out-of-

the-way spots, though many were, certainly, far enough out of the way. There were unexpected brushes with beauty, but even spring could not give a lustre to some of the places I visited.

I travelled more than fifteen thousand miles into twenty-three states. I went to the home towns of every one of the twenty-one, and if their families had moved, to the new home towns; to cities like Detroit and Providence and Baltimore, Memphis and Jacksonville; to hamlets barely on the map, Texon and Blooming Grove, West Fort Ann and East Carondelet; down dirt roads to farms in country about as far back as you can get. My mission also took me to Britain.

I talked to families and friends, to neighbours and relatives, to storekeepers and employers, to teachers and preachers and welfare workers.

Everywhere I went I also talked to prisoners of war who did come back, ranging from a corporal who received the Bronze Star for his heroism in prison camp to a private first class who collaborated with the Chinese Reds and still thinks his country is wrong and the twenty-one who stayed are heroes.

I got doors slammed in my face and I got unexpected co-operation in unlikely places. There were some who wouldn't talk and there were some who couldn't talk.

I found that slums in a country town can be every bit as dismal as those in a city; that when the land is unkind, poverty is doubly bleak, with neighbours few and far between.

I found a curious contradiction: Americans are always on the move, particularly doctors, ministers, teachers and the young; but Americans are stay-at-homes—ring someone's bell and the chances are good he'll answer it. I was lucky, too, I drove one hundred and fifty miles to see the mother of one boy and caught her just as she was about to leave on a two-weeks journey.

In the face of tragedy people can be kind; most were eager to understand rather than to condemn. Of all the groups I talked to the teachers stand out. From the four-room schoolhouse to the new million dollar high school, they seldom forgot a child they had ever taught, even though he was a "quiet one." They understand their pupils better than do the parents. Above

all else, they have an amazing humility and sense of responsibility. Over and over, from coast to coast, teachers would say, "We failed with that boy," or "We should have done more to help him."

Tracing some of the families and the backgrounds of some of the boys became as involved as a detective story. It took an all-day tour of the parish houses of a large town to find out where one boy had spent his early years. It took three days to trace one boy's mother only to find her in a hospital.

The married name of one boy's aunt—the only one left who knew his story—turned up by a fluke. A three-hundred-mile trip was necessary to discover that the information I wanted on another was to be had right where I had started.

Many had moved four or five times in their short lives before they went into the army and had to be trailed from neighbourhood to neighbourhood, school to school. While most were well remembered by some few at least, there were two or three who did not seem to have made a dent in anyone's life.

I seldom know one day where I would be the next, for one clue led to another somewhere else and my itinerary was revised as often as it was made up.

I had a flashbulb camera with me—called foolproof—which frightened more people than it photographed. So it stayed in the car most of the time. Of the photographs that turned out at all *Newsday's* art editor, trying for kind words, said they had "the immediacy of pictures taken under war conditions."

There were the strange airports and the strange rented cars and the almost missed planes and the rush to get through with the schools on Friday so that there would be no weekend waits. There were the good hotels and the bad ones including the one in southern Illinois and the room that had just been painted—the half empty pails were still there. There were the motels with television sets rentable at 25 cents an hour that would go blank in the middle of a programme when no more quarters were available.

There were dust storms in Texas, rain in California and an atomic snowfall in Minnesota. There were the fantastic

country directions: "Go down the highway about a mile, then take the left road, the left fork that is, go up the road a piece—you cross three bridges (planks, that is) then turn right: at the next four corners turn left, then follow the road keeping left and you can't miss it, the green house with the broken shutters." And of course you missed it and came back to the starting point and tried all over, or asked someone else and got an even more elaborate set of directions.

There was the suitcase in one hand that got heavier and heavier with papers until there was room for only one change of clothes, and the typewriter in the other and the race without the benefit of a porter, up the stairs to a train for Altoona that would have been missed except that the Cleveland Indians were taking it and Bob Lemon couldn't be found.

This was only the frame, sometimes light and sometimes dim, for what was essentially a sombre picture. The towns I toured and the homes I visited had been hit by tragedy harder to bear and understand than death itself, made more exquisite, because hope, however forlorn, was still possible. Yet long before the last doorbell was rung, the pattern had emerged, the hows and the whys were answered.

For all but one. To seek the answers for the 22nd, I crossed and re-crossed an ocean and travelled as far as I had for half of the American 21. This time the clues took me to London, to the Admiralty in Whitehall and thence to Scotland, to Edinburgh and Bathgate and Alloa.

Again people were kind and helpful and understanding. This time I hired a car with a driver, a Scot, who acted as my ambassador with a right good will. He had his own time struggling with country directions and new housing developments. He saw to it that by the way I visited the ruins of the castle where Mary Queen of Scots was born, peered down the shaft of a coal pit and visited a country store.

Was the pattern the same in Scotland as it had been in the United States? No. The differences were basic—and important.

2

THE Korean War was the most curious war in history. It was three wars, depending on how you looked at it: a simple civil war between two parts of a divided country; the first widespread attempt at collective resistance by the United Nations to an aggressor; or a hot offshoot of the Cold War between the United States and the Soviet Union. Half of its three-year length was fought to defend a principle which, it turned out, would make it possible for twenty-one American youths to give up their country and stay with the enemy.

Never has America entered a war with such high hopes and ended it with such irritable disillusion. The initial unanimity, which backed the United Nations decision to fight against aggression and the United States decision to send in its troops, faded swiftly when it turned out that American troops would actually have to fight and die in Korea.

When the early defeats were repeated because of the intervention of the Chinese Communists, after victory seemed assured, and the war settled down to a long, dreary, bloody stalemate near the 38th parallel, Americans became divided.

Some wanted our forces to carry the war home to the Chinese Reds and at least bomb their bases. Some wanted peace at any price. Most didn't know quite what they wanted except that they were weary of a war which didn't get anywhere, which was being fought in a country they had heard of only recently, with impossible names and improbable customs, and for a reason they had forgotten if they ever knew it.

The basis for the struggle was laid when, with Japan out of the war, American and Soviet troops raced to be the first

to "liberate" its long-time satellite state, Korea, that sore thumb peninsula of the continent of Asia.

The two forces met roughly at the 38th parallel and the division of the country into two parts, one under Soviet sponsorship and the other under American, was the result. The United States made South Korea a ward of the United Nations. The Russians refused to do the same for North Korea and sought to annex the southern sector by one means or another.

On the morning of June 25, 1950, nearly 100,000 North Korean troops broke over the 38th parallel to attack South Korea, claiming retaliation for border incidents.

It was Sunday morning and the radio was broadcasting the news of the invasion and the fact that the Security Council had been called into emergency session. My husband, Fred D. Pasley, was covering the United Nations for the New York *Daily News*. We raced to Lake Success, then the U.N. headquarters.

I will not easily forget the atmosphere in which the Council debated that day. Everyone there knew that if the Security Council compromised on this, the United Nations was finished and its hope for peace in the world was gone. At the end of four hours of consideration, the Council called on the North Koreans to "cease fire" and on all member nations to aid the U.N. and "refrain from giving assistance to the North Koreans."

On Monday, President Truman gave orders to the navy and air force to support South Korea. On Tuesday the U.N. Security Council met again, ordered military sanctions against the North Koreans and asked all member nations to aid in the fight for South Korea. Optimism ran high. The speedy action, the call for military force, would convince the North Koreans—and the Russians—that their invasion was a mistake. The war would be stopped before it started.

The optimism was premature. The Soviets had walked out of the Security Council early that month and continued their boycott of it throughout these crucial sessions. Had they attended, their veto power could have kept the Security Council

from taking any action. Why they didn't is still an unsolved mystery.

Having missed that chance, they now took the position that the Security Council's action was illegal because neither the Russians nor the Chinese Communists were represented on it. Meanwhile the war went on.

United States troops were started to Korea within a week; 1,000 men from the 24th Division were flown in on July 1. Others came by transport until there were six divisions committed by the middle of September. By that time the green South Korean troops and the small detachments of Americans had been beaten back to a beachhead around Pusan on the west coast of Korea.

But the final divisions were brought in by a daring invasion landing at Inchon farther to the north including a 600 man Commando detachment of the British Royal Marines. The beachhead was swiftly enlarged and the North Koreans were pushed back to the 38th Parallel in less than two weeks.

On October 1, General MacArthur called on the North Korean government to surrender. On October 7, he sent United Nations troops across the 38th parallel on a race up to the Yalu River border between North Korea and Manchuria. Already there had been rumours of Chinese "volunteers" fighting with the North Koreans. Communist China's Premier, Chou En-lai, gave a radio warning that the Chinese would not "stand idly by" while the territory of their neighbour was invaded by "imperialists."

These portents were brushed aside as United Nations troops, still in summer uniform, drove on to capture the North Korean capital of Pyongyang and to go on to the Yalu River. Tens of thousands of North Korean soldiers surrendered. MacArthur estimated that only 40,000 were left to fight.

South Korean regiments were the first to know that the Chinese Communists had entered the war in earnest late in October. The American First Cavalry met their machine guns a few days later on Hallow'een. On November 6, MacArthur announced that "a new and fresh army now faces us." Still, troops on other parts of the front continued their drive to the Yalu. The Chinese were conducting a hit-and-run war

and the possibility that they were token forces or merely protecting their border was not yet dismissed.

On November 21 the 7th Division reached Hyesanjin on the Yalu River and planted the American flag on its banks. Peace rumours spread. Winter supplies began to catch up with the troops, including turkeys for Thanksgiving dinner. On November 24, MacArthur ordered the offensive that was to end the war. By the evening of the 25th the Chinese Communists had marshalled themselves for a counter offensive that was to shatter the U.N. forces all across the front before the lull came on December 2. More than half of the twenty-two who stayed were captured during this period, including the lone Briton.

Retreat was as swift as the victory march. Instead of being home by Christmas the soldiers were back at the 38th parallel with a new and stronger enemy confronting them.

During the next few months a series of fierce attacks was made by both sides. The U.N. forces were pushed back behind the 38th parallel and the South Korean capital of Seoul was taken and retaken, but the lines held generally firm. The United Nations took notice of the new entrant in the war and named Communist China as an aggressor in February of 1951.

In April, President Truman recalled General MacArthur, who had been Commander not only of United States forces but of the United Nations forces as well, after he openly criticized Administration policies and protested at not being given authority to bomb Communist bases in China or use Nationalist troops from Formosa.

The war went on. Late in May the Chinese attacked in a massive spring offensive. Casualties mounted. But by June the 38th parallel and the initiative were in the possession of the U.N. forces.

Most members of the United Nations felt that the mission of their forces had been accomplished: the invader had been driven out of South Korea. The Communists on their part recognized that they had lost the opportunity to push the U.N. troops into the sea. It was time to talk of peace.

Truce talks began on July 10, 1951, and were bogged down immediately over the question of what would be discussed.

Even the meeting place was a subject for dissention until Panmunjon, a mud hut village off the east coast and not far from the 38th parallel, was chosen.

During the next two years meetings were held intermittently, sometimes every day, sometimes after a lapse of weeks or months.

By the end of 1951, agreement of a sort had been reached or seemed possible on every major point except the question of prisoners of war and their repatriation. Thousands of Chinese and North Korean troops captured during the fighting had asked political asylum. Some had deserted to escape Communism. The United States, as a matter of principle, had declared that it would not force any war prisoner, who did not wish it, to go back to the Reds.

The Chinese, on their part, insisted that every prisoner on the list must be returned to them, forcibly if necessary. Neither side would back down and the war went on for another year and a half with occasional truce talks and occasional battles, neither accomplishing anything, except that more soldiers were killed, wounded and captured.

By this time the Korean war was not only unpopular, but also to many Americans—and to Canadians, too, who had a brigade at the front—it had become dull and uninteresting. A Vancouver newspaper repeated the same dispatch from the front lines of Korea for three days running, using the same headline. Not one single reader called to complain. Even the editorial staff of the paper itself—except for one man—failed to notice it.

This apathy was contagious enough to be caught not only by prisoners of war but by the soldiers at the front who felt cut off from the world anyway. The stalemate situation which continued to the end of the war did not help their morale.

Not only returned prisoners of war but even soldiers who had never spent time in prison camps were hazy about why they had been in Korea in the first place and what the war was all about.

Then in March of 1953 Stalin died and Malenkov became Premier. Three weeks later the Chinese proposed a resumption of the peace negotiations which had been at a standstill for

weeks, announcing that they would agree to an immediate exchange of sick and wounded prisoners.

Operation "Little Switch," as it was known, began in April. A little more than 600 Allied prisoners were returned in exchange for more than 6,000 Chinese and North Koreans. Many of the prisoners of war who came back then had neither been wounded or sick, but were supposedly staunch "progressives" as prisoners who had co-operated with their Chinese jailers were called.

The peace meetings were resumed on April 27 and by early June the armistice agreement was almost ready for signing. Syngman Rhee, the fiery old president of the South Korean republic had been practically ignored in the final negotiations.

When he discovered that the agreement would include an opportunity for Communist teams to interview prisoners of war who refused repatriation, he ordered the prison camps under his control opened to protect the recalcitrant North Koreans from Communist "brainwashing."

On June 18, more than 24,000 of the 35,000 North Koreans who had refused to return to Communist domination were led out of their camps and spirited away to the hills where they were given clothes and resident cards.

The measure of how much the Chinese wanted the war to end was shown when this incident delayed but did not end the armistice negotiations. The last detail was ironed out and the agreement signed on July 27. Ten hours later the guns were quieted and the war was over.

The complicated prisoner exchange was to take another six months. U.N. commanders had been shocked when, on exchange of prisoners of war lists back in December of 1951, they found that the Communists had named less than 12,000 Allied prisoners as against their official claims of having captured 65,000. More than 10,000 Americans were missing at that time and the Communist list accounted for less than a third of these. The proportion of South Koreans was even smaller. The year and a half of stalemate war had added few prisoners to the lists on either side and the proportion remained about the same when the exchange started. On September 3,

the last batches of prisoners of war willing to go home had been exchanged.

Under the agreement, prisoners of war who refused repatriation were to be given into the custody of a Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission, including India, which had agreed to furnish the troops needed to guard them.

Communist reporters at Panmunjon had already released the news that a number of Americans would refuse to return home. When the Commission took custody the names of twenty-three were announced including one Briton. In addition 325 South Koreans had cast their lot with the Communists.

On the other side there were 23,000 Chinese and North Koreans, besides the thousands Syngman Rhee had freed, who refused to go back to their homes.

The agreement provided that the Indians were to hold both groups for ninety days while explaining teams from the prisoners' own countries were to have a chance to convince them they should return. After another thirty-day grace period they were to be turned loose as "civilians" and assisted in getting to a neutral country.

Many of the North Koreans and Chinese refused to meet with the Communist "explainers." Few of those who listened were moved. Out of the 23,000 few changed their minds and went back home.

The Americans also refused to meet with the repatriation teams and when loudspeakers were tuned into their compound they raised a din so that the pleas could not be heard. Nevertheless, in October, during the ninety-day explaining period, one prisoner of war asked the Indian guard to let him out—he was Cpl. Edward S. Dickenson of Cracker Creek, Va. Just before the end of the final thirty days' grace, Cpl. Claude Batchelor of Kermit, Tex. managed to escape the surveillance of the group and left the compound.

When January 23, 1954—the final deadline—came, there were still twenty-one American prisoners of war and one Briton who had not openly wavered in their decision to stay with the Communists. Five days later they went behind the Iron Curtain.

3

WHAT are they like, these twenty-two who could have come back to home and country. The Americans had a stake of \$5,000 waiting for them in back pay to give them a new start, yet they chose instead to stay with the Communists?

On the surface they seem like any other group of American youths. On the surface they aren't any different from the kid down the street. Some are tall and some are short. Some have blue eyes and some have brown; some are bright and some are dull.

Three are Negroes, the rest white. Sixteen are Protestants of various denominations; four are Roman Catholics; one is a Greek Catholic; there are no Jews.

All but one of the Americans are native-born. All but one had native-born parents. They come from north and south, east and west, seventeen different states and one foreign country, Belgium. Only one comes from a really big metropolitan city.

Take twenty-one out of one hundred and sixty million Americans and it won't even ruffle a statistic. Take twenty-one out of 2,500,000 soldiers and it will barely move a decimal point. Take twenty-one out of four thousand surviving prisoners of war and you still have only one half of one per cent. Not many, statistically speaking. But these twenty-one are not statistics. They are living, breathing American youths, who once roamed the piney woods of southern Louisiana, hunted over the foothills of New York's Adirondacks, swam in the lazy waters of Florida or the bracing surf of California—and will no more.

These are boys who grew up in Ohio, Texas and Pennsylvania, Minnesota and Mississippi, Rhode Island, Oklahoma, Tennessee and Illinois, Arkansas, Michigan, Georgia and Maryland—and have exchanged their homelands for the alien vistas of Communist-dominated China.

Why did they do it? There is no single answer; there are no easy answers.

Some of the answers are implicit in the stories of their lives. Some are found in the story of what happened to the American G.I. who was taken prisoner by the Reds. One essential difference between the kid down the street and the twenty-one is that he wasn't put into the front lines in Korea and didn't spend three years in prison camp.

The biggest haul of American prisoners the Reds got was in the fateful winter of 1950-51. Most of the twenty-one were captured then; ten of them in one forty-eight hour period—November 30, December 1.

This was the time of the scandal over lack of ammunition, winter clothing and other supplies for our front line troops. It was also the time when they first came up against the Chinese hordes.

"Our Intelligence had broken down," a returned prisoner of war who accepted the line he was given in prison camp told me. "They told us there were no Chinese in the area, and then we were slaughtered. It was a pitiful war."

He spoke bitterly of junior officers and noncoms who went back to safe positions and sent their orders up by radio, then contradicted that by telling how the captain of his company was captured with him.

That might be dismissed as a typical gripe of a disgruntled private, but all the prisoners of war agreed that the front was disorganized and confused: that supplies didn't reach them, whatever the reason; that they never knew what hit them until it was all over.

Prisoners were taken all along the front, but most of them were from the 2nd Division, the force that had been thrown into the line right after hostilities started and had carried the weight of the fighting in the five months since then.

The circumstances of capture varied and those circumstances had some effect on what happened to the prisoners later. Many were wounded. Few of these survived. Those who did survive were exposed to psychological as well as physical stresses such as American troops had never before undergone.

What was it like to be a prisoner of war in the control of the Chinese People's Voluntary Committee?

Here is what happened to a typical G.I. who did survive; call him Joe.

He was captured when the remnants of his company were surrounded by a Chinese force that wasn't supposed to be there. He had a small scratch on his arm. It was nothing; but later it became infected. He was suffering a little from battle shock. He hadn't eaten anything since the day before.

On the long miserable march up to the Yalu River where the prison camps were set up. Joe did what his sergeant told him to do. He took his turn at litter carrying, and slogged along the rest of the time. One or two in his company refused to accept the sergeant's authority any longer; one or two did more than they were asked to; both were in the minority.

When they got to the camp at last, the top sergeants were ruled out. Joe and his buddies were on their own so far as army discipline was concerned, so far as army leadership was concerned.

Joe saw a lot of friends and strangers die on the march north to the Manchurian border. They kept on dying those first few months in camp.

The food was barely edible, parched corn and gruel—"food for animals, not men." It didn't help the gnawing pains in Joe's stomach to note that the Chinese guards had little more. His weight went down from 11 stone 6 to 7 stone 12.

There were not enough doctors or even medical orderlies to do much for the wounded. Medicines, even aspirin, were not to be had after their own supplies were exhausted. The scratch on Joe's arm festered but there was nothing to put on it.



Neither barracks life nor the restraints of the fighting front had been enough to prepare Joe for the tight confinement and complete lack of privacy of prison life. The overcrowding at the camp was so extreme that in some huts men could not lie down to sleep; there wasn't room for all to stretch out at once. Lice, dysentery, pneumonia, and later malaria spread through the camp, killing those already weakened and weakening those who up to then had kept their strength.

Joe's hut was heated with a wood stove, but there was never enough wood to do more than keep the temperature a little above freezing.

Loudspeakers blared Communist propaganda at them from morning to night. Joe was forced to attend lectures, study classes, monitored discussion groups.

At any hour of the day or night a guard might come in and give a new order to take one of his companions away without explanation. Some he never saw again. Some came back, weak and half frozen from days in solitary; some turned up in newly built huts with more elbowroom and better food.

One of these last was Bill, an eighteen-year-old Pfc. from another platoon. Bill had been captured by a Chinese who could speak English and who had stretched out his hand to him saying:

"We come in peace; do not fear us."

Bill had then been singled out to be interrogated first. They asked him no military questions. He wouldn't have known any answers anyway. They were friendly and kind, he said. They asked him what an American boy was doing so far away from home fighting in a war that was none of his affair; meddling in a purely local family affair.

Bill didn't have any answer to that. He had wondered himself. Joe couldn't enlighten him. He didn't know, either.

Now they took Bill up to headquarters. They reiterated what the loudspeakers had been droning incessantly, that this was an "American imperialist war," planned by Wall Street. They told him that it was Wall Street that had supplied him with "bazookas that wouldn't shoot and tanks that had the most important bolts missing." Bill bought that.

They asked him to sign a peace petition. He signed it. That was when he was transferred to the new hut.

Meanwhile Joe and some of his buddies had gotten into trouble. They had been caught stealing food from the storage barn and they had been beaten for it even though all they had found was more cracked corn. When they got hungry enough they tried it again. This time all but one was caught. That was Al. The rumour was soon current that Al had told on the gang. They gave him the silent treatment. The next time, Al did tell.

That incident was typical. Everything that went on in Joe's hut got to the ears of the Communists. Informers seemed to be everywhere. Some informed because they had swallowed the bait; some did it to get better food or medicine; some like Al because they had the name, why not the game; some because they had begun to feel cornered for one reason or another. Joe began to feel there wasn't anyone he could trust.

In the summer of 1951, peace talks were started and life became slightly more bearable for the prisoners. The Communists now made some attempt at conformity to the standards of the Geneva Convention. The food improved. There was more of it when the talks went well for the Communists; less whenever the negotiations were stalled.

Attendance at propaganda lectures and study groups was made "voluntary" but the pressures to keep on going were hard to resist. Some of his hutmates argued that you might as well "do what the man says" and save yourself trouble and some—the minority—were beginning to talk as though they believed the stuff. About that time a newly captured corporal, Jim, joined their company and organized a secret study group of his own to combat Communist propaganda and present the other side. This wasn't easy. He had no books or newspapers to work with; no printed matter was allowed in camp unless it had a Marxist or Communist slant. There was no access to the true facts to counteract Communist-coloured current news broadcasts.

This class wasn't secret very long. Jim was put in solitary—a hole in the ground, a dugout or root cellar. When he was

let out, his hutmates massaged his frozen hands and feet back to life. Others broke under this treatment but Jim kept on with his attempts to counteract Communist propaganda until they pulled him out of the hut and sent him to a camp for "reactionaries," as the Communists termed those who wouldn't go along with them.

The minority who stayed with the study groups were, little by little, enticed into other activities. Some formed Kremlin clubs for advanced study, some made propaganda recordings and wrote propaganda articles for the camp newspaper and Communist papers around the world. They wrote letters home, asking their parents to get into the peace movement, complaining about the war, and praising the good treatment they were getting from the Chinese Reds.

Some were given jobs, such as camp librarian, liaison man, postman or mess committeeman. All got better food, better medical attention and had greater freedom of movement.

They called themselves "progressives" and, though many of the prisoners who stayed outside the group referred to them as "birdies" because they "sang," the name progressive or "Pro" has stuck. Still, only 10 per cent of the prisoners were in that classification. Eventually most of them were sent to Camp Number five to keep them from being ganged up on by the "reactionaries." To this camp also were sent candidates for "progressivism."

Among the candidates was a whole company of Negroes drawn from all the prison camps and put in an enclosure by themselves. The Communists had not had as much luck taking the Negroes "into camp" as they had expected and they thought they might do better if they appealed to them as a group. This time the Communists outsmarted themselves and the plan backfired.

"They told us there was no segregation in Communist countries," returned Negroes reported, "and then they segregated us.

"Besides a lot of our boys had been worked over by the Communists at home. They knew all the answers and they gave most of the rest of us the benefit of their experience."

The pressure to sign peace petitions never ceased. They worked on everyone, "progressives," "reactionaries" and the unclassified.

For some who had gone along just for the ride, for others who felt lingering doubts that what the Communists were telling them was true, the turning point was the well staged lecture of Lt. John Quinn of the air force.

Lt. Quinn was one of the thirty-six captured aviators who were hounded into confessing to dropping germ bombs. His confession was not used primarily for propaganda in the outside world as were most.

Instead, after he had been so thoroughly schooled that he himself had begun to believe the fabricated story, he was sent around the circuit of the prisoner of war camps to repeat the tale to G.I. "study groups," and, via loudspeaker, even to those who refused to attend the classes.

"He looked perfectly healthy," a prisoner of war who turned progressive said of that incident. "And there weren't any Chinese around to make him say anything he didn't want to say."

"We just went on about our business and only half listened to it," said a reactionary. "We knew what he must have been through to tell a story like that."

Even returned progressives who shamefacedly admit that they were fools to fall for the Red line and now say that "what sounded all right over there doesn't sound so good back home," make an exception of the germ bomb story. They still believe it.

Up to forty days or so before the armistice was signed the whole Communist strategy had been toward two goals: to use prisoners, through their signatures on peace petitions, their letters home and various other devices, to undermine the will to fight of other Americans in Korea; and to indoctrinate as many as they could with Communist ideas to take back with them when they got home.

Up to early June (the armistice was signed on July 26) there had been no suggestion that any American prisoners of war would refuse repatriation. From the beginning of the long armistice negotiations the Communists had fought the

whole idea of prisoners being given any choice in the matter. They had demanded forcible repatriation of the North Korea and Chinese prisoners, being held in United Nations prison camps, who had asked asylum.

Eventually they decided they would have to accept non-repatriation if they wanted an armistice, and they wanted an armistice. Evidently around the end of May they decided they had to have some propaganda to counter the fact that thousands of their men would refuse to come back. The time was short to do a full scale job. They decided on a token group, large enough to have some effect on world opinion and small enough to be kept under rigid discipline.

Word sifted through the five prison camps that the Chinese Communists were looking for men who would be willing to stay on their side. Some volunteered—and were refused—and some were selected as candidates who had never even lined up with the “progressives.”

They chose them from three groups. First, men with leadership qualities, these to be chosen from among prisoners who had already had some indoctrination. Second, followers for the leaders to direct—the sheep—and these did not need to be good “progressives” under the methods they used, though, the majority were. Third, men with deep emotional disturbances, who had broken under prison life.

Those who were chosen were told to write their life stories over and over again until they had written maybe fifty pages. And because they did not know why they were writing, they revealed themselves. It has been said that everyone has something in his life that can be used against him.

Were the twenty-two who stayed particularly vulnerable? Is that the reason why these young men decided to renounce home and country? The clues are in the stories of their lives.

Sgt. Richard G. Corden, of Providence, R. I.

born January 2, 1928, re-enlisted March 19, 1950

2nd Division, captured November 30, 1950

Catholic, 2 years high school, I.Q. high—134

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, Corden volunteered for special duty with the Chinese Communists. As a result, he lived and worked at Chinese headquarters at two different prison camps. He volunteered for and served on a club committee which directed operations at one of the camps. He wrote pro-Communist articles for publication and informed on his fellow prisoners. His rewards included better living conditions, better food and better medical treatment than that given his fellow prisoners. He is a key figure among the non-repatriates.

4

THE American sergeant strode up and down the compound like a young Napoleon, throwing back his cape with studied carelessness. Those who got close enough to see his features were appalled by the pervading bitterness of his lean, dark, handsome face.

This was Richard G. Corden, late of Providence, R.I., now leader of the twenty-one American prisoners of war who refused to return to their own country, choosing instead to stay with their Red captors. In the neutral compound at Panmunjon, where, under the armistice terms prisoners who refused repatriation were being held, Corden ruled his men with the arrogance of a corps commander and the relentlessness of a chain-gang boss.

He himself was under the constant scrutiny of leaders of the 325 recalcitrant South Koreans who shared the compound.

From September 23 to December 23, during the 3-month period given opposing sides to persuade their countrymen of the folly of their decision, Corden had refused to allow the Americans to leave the compound or listen to explanations. One man of the original twenty-three had managed to slip away. No more chances were being taken.

One of the Indian guards, set up by the armistice to protect the compound, approached the barricades.

"We understand that one of the Americans wants to come out," he said.

Corden flung back his head. "No one comes out," he replied and strode away.

One more did though, in the final month of grace allowed after December 23, but that was all.

When correspondents were permitted into the compound, finally, on January 26, just before the twenty-two left for China, it was Corden who read the long prepared statement:

"We will go back to our homes when the American people are free to enjoy the constitution of 1776 [an error] instead of the Eisenhower-McCarthy constitution of 1954 . . ." it started and went on and on.

Under questioning Corden said, "We are not Communists, but some of us hope to be," and indicated clearly that he at least was one who hoped to be.

Back home, those who loved him wept: his sister who had not seen him since she was twelve, his aunt, his step-grandfather, the mother of a friend with whom he had lived for awhile. There was no one closer than these.

"He was a good boy," said his sister.

"I always loved him. I still love him," said his aunt.

"I don't care what anyone says, he isn't a Communist," said his step-grandfather.

To those who knew him when he entered the service, he was a quiet, handsome boy, brilliant despite lack of formal education, friendly and co-operative, if proud and reserved, who seemed to have recovered from his childhood lacks and teenage difficulties.

But his priest suspected and his aunt knew that the hurts of his childhood were still smouldering beneath that cool exterior; that there was something "unfathomable about him—something you couldn't reach."

Richard Corden was born in Pawtucket, R.I., a suburb of Providence, on September 27, 1928. His father, Lincoln Joseph Corden, was a railroad worker; his nineteen-year-old mother had been born Anna Grace Dunn.

His father's precarious health coloured Richard's earliest years. His mother brought him back to the family home when her husband's illness demanded hospitalization and he joined them only in the intervals between hospital stays. There his aunt Kathleen helped her sister care for the boy and learned to love him as her own.

"He was a darling," says his aunt, now Mrs. Henry Mathieu.

"But illness had made the father irritable. When he was home he seemed to resent the boy. When Richard was naughty, his father would beat him unmercifully with the buckle end of a belt. Dick learned to stand and take it without a tear, even though he knew the beating would go on until he did cry. It was only when his mother broke down and went to pieces that he would weaken and cry. He was only a little more than three when he ran away after one of those beatings."

Corden's sister, Ursula Jean, was born when she was five and a half and Mrs. Corden never quite recovered her strength afterward. She died of pneumonia in February, 1935; three months later her husband died in a hospital in Portland.

His mother's death left a deep impression on the six-year-old boy. Richard could not forget the picture of her in her coffin. To his aunt, months later he recalled how beautiful she looked, how pretty her hair was; and he described every detail of the dress she was laid out in.

His father had left a small estate in trust for the children. His will named Richard's paternal grandmother as guardian. Ursula had already been taken by her grandmother during Mrs. Corden's illness but the boy didn't want to leave his aunt.

For nearly a year he was allowed to stay in Pawtucket but the day finally came when he had to go to the apartment in East Providence where his sister and step-grandfather still live.

It is second floor rear of an old frame building in an area zoned for business. There is a showroom for milking equipment on the first floor. The buildings face a traffic roundabout and the approach to the bridge that leads from East Providence to Providence proper.

There are few neighbours, none that were here when Richard came to live. His grandmother (she died while he was overseas) had remarried and her husband, Patrick J. O'Connor, a day labourer, evidently accepted Richard as he might have accepted a grandson of his own.

His obvious fondness for Richard was tinged with bitterness when I came to see him, now that it was certain the boy had made his final choice to stay with the Communists.

"We're through," he said with a harshness that was foreign to him. "We're through with him. He's dead as far as we're concerned. It would have been better if he had been shot. He could have come home. He had his chance to come home and he didn't take it."

And then memories came crowding to the small, slight, pallid old man and he forgot the present.

"He was a quiet one, all right. There never was any harm in him. He was a bright one too. Maybe he didn't get to college but he had as good an education as those boys up on the Hill [Brown University]. Why, when they had a spelling bee down here at the theatre—they had it on the radio—we listened and he could outspell all of them. He read a lot of books, big books, books for grown-ups."

Earlier, while there was still hope that he would come back, O'Connor talked more freely of Richard's childhood—of how he used to stand at the window and look down at the brick-covered street and watch the other boys playing. Sometime he would go down, sometimes just watch.

"He'd play with them all right. But they would have to ask him. He was not a boy to push his way into things. He was a boy who always did what he was told without grumbling. I remember I used to send him all the way to Six Corners to get something at the store and he would never give me one of those frowns like so many kids do."

Despite these memories, it is clear that Richard was not happy at the East Providence apartment. His grandmother did not share her husband's pride in Richard's interest in books. She thought he read too much and wouldn't let him have a light in his room at night.

That was unimportant compared to his loneliness for his aunt was his last link with his mother and his loneliness for her home which he thought of as his real home. When that loneliness became unbearable he would slip out and find his way back to Pawtucket.

"His grandparents didn't have a phone then," his aunt recalled, "and we couldn't get word to them right away that Richard was with us. And he would miss school. So the truant officer and the child welfare authorities came in on it."

"I wanted to keep Richard. And maybe they would have let me," Mrs. Mathieu said, "but my husband had died recently and my father was old and we were having a hard time financially. So they put him in a foster home and that's when the trouble started."

Father James Lamb, now of St. Mary's parish in Pawtucket, but in those days with Sacred Heart parish in East Providence, remembers that period.

"There was something about the boy you couldn't touch," he said. "I was trying to help keep him out of the state training school. He had stolen some trinkets—ornaments from cars. He seemed normal and healthy, but he had a way of withdrawing. He was a lively boy—and then he would go into his shell. You talked to him—but you did not always feel that you could reach him. There was something unfathomable about him, some deep hurt that you couldn't get to."

Despite Father Lamb's interest, the day came when Richard was sent to the state training school. Rhode Island laws make it mandatory that no information as to reason for entrance, length of stay or record at the school be given out. But it is known that Richard's infractions of the law were never more serious than the charge of stealing trinkets off cars.

"He just got in with the wrong gang of little fellows," his step-grandfather commented. "There never was any harm in him."

Richard ran away from the training school when he was fifteen and got himself a job as a welder at the Kaiser-Walsh shipyards which were going full tilt in 1943. He found himself a room at the Y.M.C.A. Juvenile authorities traced him there but left him alone. With his first week's pay he bought a gramophone and started collecting the classical records that were his hobby and solace.

His school days were over. They hadn't amounted to much. He had gone to four different schools up to the eighth grade, two public schools in Pawtucket: Sacred Heart Parochial and East Providence Junior High in East Providence.

What grades he made were better than average and his I.Q. test, taken at the training school, gave him the unusually high score of 134, highest of all the twenty-two.

Richard made a friend while he worked at the shipyards, Edward Fontaine, and for a time he knew what it was to live in the midst of a warm and close-knit family circle even if it wasn't his own. He got the 'flu the first winter he worked and Edward brought him home to his mother. Mrs. Eugenie Fontaine. 'She nursed him back to health and he stayed on afterward, playing the records he loved with Edward's small sister Jeanette and taking part in the evening gatherings of young people drawn to this hospitable hearth.

Richard began to call Mrs. Fontaine "Mom" and later when he was in prison camp wrote to her as "Mom." But of his own mother and her death, he could not bring himself to speak.

"He was a quiet boy," Mrs. Fontaine told me. "But I didn't think he was a sad boy. He never gave us any trouble. He loved music and he was a great reader. Nobody in his right mind would ever believe that Richard would turn Communist."

With the end of the war, the work at the shipyards fell off abruptly and soon the plant was closed down entirely. Richard tried to get into the navy. He was turned down because of his eyesight, and he enlisted for four years in the army in March 1946.

"He enlisted because he wanted to get off the local scene," Father Lamb, who was still in touch with him, told me.

"He wanted to go places and see things; he wanted adventure," said his cousin.

Because of his high intelligence rating, Richard was eligible for officers' training. Investigators for the army came to Providence and talked to his relatives and friends about his juvenile record. Evidently the stay at the state training school stood against him. He didn't get the chance to go to O.C.S.

After basic training he came back on leave and went to stay with his aunt in Pawtucket. He got along well with his cousin Arlene who was close to him in age. They had good times together.

"Girls were always attracted to him," Arlene said. "He was quiet and good-looking and a neat dresser and he danced

well. But he didn't date a lot and he didn't have any special girl that I knew of."

He paid a visit to his grandparents' home and saw his sister, then twelve years old, for the last time. He asked for foreign service and was sent to Germany in the Occupation Army. But before that he had gone AWOL and been convicted and fined \$50. And he had met a girl. Here the record is blurred. Perhaps they were engaged. Anyway, he got a "Dear John" letter while he was in Germany, breaking off the romance. His barrack mates said that he changed after that and became even more silent and morose.

He started dating girls in Berlin and then one in particular, who was attached to the American embassy there. His enlistment was almost up and he made plans to leave the army and get a job so that he could earn enough money to post a bond for the girl and her mother.

Back home in the spring of 1950, on his last leave before his enlistment was up, he stayed with the Fontaines. Friends who saw him then remarked on his restlessness. He tried to see his aunt but she had moved and he couldn't find her. He didn't go to his old home in East Providence or see his sister. He bought a car and had a minor accident when the hood flew up while he was driving.

During his overseas service Richard had taken correspondence courses and won his high school credits. He had talked of going on to college and becoming a chemist. Suddenly he talked of making a career of the army. No one knows what happened about the girl in Berlin. He had confided little about her to begin with. All they know is that on March 17, 1950, the day his enlistment was up, he re-enlisted and asked for Tokyo duty.

He got it. He was in Seattle the day the Korean fighting started and he went over with the 2nd Division to get into the fighting early that summer. On November 30 he was captured, along with nearly half of his fellow non-repatriates, when the Chinese hordes came down in full force.

Returned prisoners of war have said that Corden was an early convert of the Reds and quickly became a "big wheel" at Communist headquarters. Here he got recognition of

his abilities that he had never found, either in civilian life or in the army. The pride that had kept him from crying when his father beat him as a child, that had held him aloof from the neighbourhood children in East Providence, and made him unreachable as he got into his teens, now had something to feed on.'

Most prisoners of war said he kept to himself, even in camp, and did not bother to argue others into becoming progressives. One said that the Chinese had ensnared him by giving him marijuana to smoke; another that Corden had told him he had believed in Communism before his capture.

If that was true it was certainly not in his Providence days. His disinterest in politics of any sort had been complete, all those who knew him there insisted. And the letters they received from him in prison camp did not follow the propaganda line as did those received by families and friends of many prisoners of war, including some who did not stay with their captors.

It was true that he asked his sister and his cousin to pray for peace and once wrote that the American people ought to get together and fight for peace, but these pleas were coupled with a description of the hardships of prison-camp life, of how he "dreaded going through another winter with insufficient clothing." Later he wrote that the food and clothing were a little better.

His last letter to his aunt sounded depressed. He wondered if he would ever get out of prison and said if he did get back he wanted to marry and settle down to a career in the army at a post near Providence.

His last letter to Mrs. Fontaine was more specific.

"Dear Mom," he wrote, "I hope this letter finds all of you in good health. Will you have a wife ready for me when I get home? I definitely intend to settle down when I get back and I can't think of a better way to do it than through the institution of marriage. Take good care of yourself, Mom, for life is short—too short to waste. God bless you all."

Shortly after that letter was written he was approached to be one of the group to refuse repatriation. He never wrote another letter home.

A local broadcasting station got together some of Richard's friends and relatives to make a recording to be sent in to him during the period of grace when he might change his mind.

Father Lamb, Mrs. Fontaine, Ursula Jean and Patrick O'Connor were among them.

"Dick, this is Jean," said his sister. "It is now that I need you most because I am all alone and you are the only one I can turn to."

Corden refused to hear the recording—as did the others whose families made similar attempts to reach them.

"I have thought so much about what prompted Richard to do this," Father Lamb told me. "He was a boy who never had anything, who didn't have much to be happy about. He was a wonderfully bright boy and he showed definite signs of qualities of leadership. But he had little direction. True, he read a great deal, but only what he wanted to read. He had no knowledge of Communism or the nature of propaganda. I haven't got the answer but I feel that it is a further development of something he suffered when he was a child. I think that if we had had the staff then, and psychiatric advice, he could have been helped. He must be confused now. No boy in his right senses would do what he did."

Richard took his troupe with him behind the Iron Curtain in January 1954. There has been an occasional picture, a vagrant voice on a monitored radio broadcast from one or another of the twenty-two. But from Richard Corden no word at all until early in 1954. Then he sent a letter so Mrs. Fontaine by a circuitous route. First it was mailed to Scotland, to Patrick A. Condron, father of his closest pal in the group, Andrew Condron, the lone Britisher. Patrick Condron re-mailed it to Mrs. Fontaine but he never heard whether or not she received it.

Pfc. William A. Cowart, of Dalton, Ga.

born January 10, 1933, enlisted January 7, 1949

24th Division, captured July 12, 1950

Protestant, 3 years high school, average I.Q.

The Army reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, he ingratiated himself with the Chinese Communists by volunteering to write articles for the Communist publication Towards Truth and Peace and by making propaganda recordings. While he had no special or regular duties, he aided the Chinese by writing for Communist publications, by informing on fellow prisoners, and by preaching Communism among them. He was convinced by the Chinese that collaborating with them would insure a fruitful and happy life.

William Cowart was one of three Americans who in June, 1955, requested permission to leave China.

5

I HAVE learned a very valuable lesson since becoming a prisoner of war and that is that education is a very wonderful thing. I only wish that I had continued mine when I had the chance."

These sentiments were expressed by William Cowart of Dalton, Ga., in a letter he wrote from prison camp to the students and staff of the high school he left to enlist in the army. If Billy Cowart had reason to regret his precipitate exit from student life then, he has even more cause now that he is a man without a country, doomed to live out his life as a stranger in a strange land.

"I've gone too far; I can't go back," he told the only man in his hut still on speaking terms with him after he had become a progressive. That was just before the armistice was signed ending the Korean war.

"He came over and told me that he had just been to regimental headquarters and had agreed to refuse repatriation," James Wilson of Chattanooga, Tenn., a returned prisoner of war, said. "I tried to argue him out of it. But he said it was too late; that he didn't have any friends anyway; that no one would talk to him. I never saw him again."

What happened to bring this sturdy, handsome Georgia boy, who gave his mother no peace until she signed his enlistment papers, to the point of no return?

Wilson only knew the surface details.

"I met him in the winter of 1950," he told me. "He had been a prisoner since the beginning of the war and had been in a hospital because of malnutrition. We got caught stealing food one night from the warehouse and we got beaten, like

they always did to the prisoners of war who stole food. But he only got beaten the once. After that they would just talk to him when they caught him and he went back night after night.

"The boys knew someone was informing on them. Cowart was in the good treatment class and it looked like he was the one. No one would speak to him any more. We had a big fight in the compound once—the progressives, pro-Chinese against the rest of us. After that he took to going up to regimental headquarters and staying there most of the time."

Dalton, Ga., where Bill Cowart was born and grew up, looks at first glance like any sleepy southern town, with its broad main street, its antebellum hotel, and its stores advertising turnip seed and rye grass.

Nestled in the hills on highway 41, closer to Chattanooga than to Atlanta, it is in fact anything but sleepy. A bustling mill town, heart of the long-booming chenille bedspread industry, Dalton is, in fact, the place where the old candlewick spread had its rebirth. On all the roads leading into town bright coloured samples flap in the breeze on long lines strung out by farm "outlet" stores set out between fancy motels advertising air conditioning and television sets.

The business in bedspreads and chenille rugs amounts to \$200,000,000 a year. Except for the thread and yarn factories which supply it, the signs of industry are hard to find. Most of the chenille plants are set up in sheds and barns, back from the side roads. Cheap current from TVA powers the sewing machines and the women of the town, largely, run them.

Mothers of half of the children enrolled in the schools work on the spreads. School overcrowding problems are met by putting fifty to sixty in a classroom rather than by shifts, since the schools find themselves in the position of having to watch over the children while their mothers work.

"The mushroom growth of Dalton in the past twenty-five years has more than tripled the population," one teacher said. "Those who got in on the ground floor of the chenille industry have become extremely wealthy. The others work for that industry. It's a situation of those who have and those who have not—and the teachers are in the middle."

Billy's parents worked in the mills and when Billy was old enough he worked there after school himself. An only child and adored by his mother, Bill's childhood was clouded by the trouble which led to a break between his father and mother, culminating in a divorce when he was six. He saw his father only once more, when he was fourteen.

"He ducked his head down, like he often did when there were adults around," a neighbour recalled, "and ran out of the house and didn't come back until his father had left."

Not long after that he ran away from home. He was discovered in Ohio, the state where his father had gone to live, though neither Billy nor anyone else knew exactly where.

After the divorce Mrs. Cowart married her present husband, Chester Green, who tried to be a father to his young stepson and according to friends did "everything he could for the boy and treated him as though he were his own."

At school, however, the effects of Billy's reaction to having a stepfather were apparent.

"He had quite a few emotional problems to solve," one teacher said. "It was apparent that he had a chip on his shoulder and, from things he said in class, that he didn't get along with his stepfather. He was extremely insecure and rather than try to make friends he just withdrew from the other boys in the class."

Billy's I.Q. was rated average, but he was in the lower quarter of his class and had failed three subjects when he left school. If he had stayed he would not have been able to graduate with his class.

"He did not seem to dislike school," C. E. Bowen, principal of Dalton High School, said. "But he must have towards the end because he made such efforts to get out. He was a boy who was hard to know. At times he was easy to talk to and would co-operate. At other times he was silent and resentful—suspicious."

This dualism was noticed by most of his teachers, who called him moody—now stubborn, now docile; sometimes responsive, at others apathetic.

"He pretended he didn't care about people but he really wanted to be popular," one teacher said. "He just went

about it in the wrong way. In his attempt to stand out he only made himself look foolish. He would wear odd clothes, hats with trinkets or bells on them to get attention. Or he would stay outside the classroom until after the bell rang so he could get noticed by being late."

One teacher was not much surprised at the news that Billy was one of the twenty-two. "I felt that if anyone I had ever taught would do that, he would be the one," she said. "It may be that he did it to get the attention he wanted—and he couldn't see how shallow and short-lived it was."

Another teacher spoke of "how much it would have gratified us when he was in school to have known that he could even identify national figures," when she was told of his statement, typical of the twenty-two, about "McCarthyism and McCarranism."

I went to talk to Miss Mattie Lee Huff, dean of Dalton's teachers in the beautiful old home, once headquarters for General Johnston during the Civil War, where she and her sisters live. Billy had brought her a present—a china dog—which she still treasures, before he left for training camp.

"It breaks my heart," she said, "to think how utterly we have failed in that boy."

Although Billy was big for his age and unusually good-looking he never took any part in school activities or athletics; he didn't belong to any clubs, he wasn't in the school play, he tried out for no teams.

Billy Cowart enlisted in the army in January of 1949, a few days before he was sixteen, according to his mother; seventeen, according to the army. He was in the 24th Infantry Division and was one of the first American soldiers to be put in the front lines and one of the first to be taken prisoner—less than three weeks after the start of the Korean hostilities.

Because of his early capture Cowart had a longer period of semi-starvation than those who were captured later when rations became somewhere near subsistence level. On the other hand, he was one of the earliest progressives in his camp and as such was an outcast to the prisoners who did not collaborate with the Chinese. His loneliness was attested by the fantastic number of letters he wrote from prison camp. He kept

up a correspondence with a group of teenagers who had been but ten or twelve when he left home, little sisters of the girls that had been his classmates. He wrote to everyone he knew sooner or later.

He even wrote a nostalgic letter to his former employer, J. F. Calloway, Jr.

"I'll never forget you people," Billy wrote on the stationery supplied by the Chinese People's Committee for World Peace, stamped with the Picasso Dove. "All you folks drop me a line once in a while. I know you are busy most of the time but just a short note and maybe a photograph or two helps 100 per cent. here."

The letter looks as though it had been written by two different people but there is a simple explanation for that. The first few lines are written in a fancy slanted script with circles for dots and flourishes on the y's. Then it breaks down into a scribble but there are still occasional circles and flourishes. It might be that the effort to write a stylish hand became too tiresome.

Calloway wrote Billy a letter after it was known that he was one of the group who had chosen to stay with the Chinese Communists. It was full of reminders of pleasant times, hunting, and fishing trips, movies they had seen, and invitation to "a big shindig when you get home" and a promise that a job would be waiting for him.

Calloway, who was in the Signal Corps in World War II, is fond of Billy and feels that anyone who hasn't been subjected to imprisonment and torture is not in a position to condemn those who cracked under it.

"Bill was just a kid and he was wounded," Calloway said. "Remember that. Even those who came back didn't know what they were fighting for. As for Billy, he hardly knew who was President. Perhaps the loss of his father had an effect on him. If under the stress and strain those twenty-two broke, even if they caused other prisoners to be persecuted because they broke, you must consider the conditions they were under."

Billy wrote his first letter to one of the home-town girls after his mother wrote him that his "steady" had got married

while he was in camp. How much of a shock that was to him is hard to assess.

His cabin mate, Wilson, recalled that about the time he received it he swam far out into the lake near camp with the idea of committing suicide, but changed his mind and came back.

Still he was quite casual in his mention of his former girl when he wrote to Rhoda Ann Hayes, who was ten when he enlisted.

"I guess I am out in the cold since Estelle got married," he wrote, "but I have still got Mom to love." In a later letter he spoke of "the spree" he would go on when he got home, adding:

"I would very much like to have a nursemaid to hold my aching head afterward. There's only one requirement. Don't be married."

In a letter to another girl, written February 15, 1953, he said, "I go along completely with your hopes for our release and repatriation. I think all the boys do."

Most of his letters spoke of his homesickness; occasionally he spoke of the "peace movement" and the good treatment and "co-operation of the Chinese." Here is a typical one:

Hi Cutie:

I am sitting here on my buddy's bunk drinking hot tea and listening to a couple of the boys out in the kitchen playing and singing. It's a hot day, the sun is blazing now. A quite warm day sure starts a guy to thinking and when this happens to me I always get a severe case of homesickness.

Just think of all the wonderful things I could be doing today at home. Dancing, swimming, driving. A beautiful little gal like you for a companion, a few bottles of cold beer, soft music. I wonder if I'll ever live again.

All that taken because of the Korea conflict. Nearly three years now and nearly two of that in truce talks. The only problem left is one point on the prisoners of war issue. I wonder if they are going to wait until all we boys go crazy or die of old age before they finally end this thing.

This latest proposal by Chou En-lai of the Chinese side looks like it should be the answer to both sides' problems. I

guess the talks started back today. I hope something comes of it.

Something did, but not quite what Billy had been counting on then. That was his last letter home. Billy was tapped to be one of the twenty-two—"I've gone too far; I can't go back."

Billy's mother, who cried herself to sleep for long months after she heard the news and whose health broke down under the strain of worrying over her son, takes consolation only in the thought that this boy is not really her boy, not really the Billy Cowart who marched off from Dalton so proudly in 1949.

I talked to her in Monticello, Ark., where her husband had taken her to get away and recover her health, finding himself a job there. She is a pretty, gentle-faced woman, who is taking care of her nephew now, a boy not much older than Billy was when he left but who doesn't seem to have Billy's problems.

"I'm sure that boy in the pictures isn't Bill," she says. "That boy has a lock of hair falling over his forehead and my Bill had a cowlick and he wasn't that heavy."

If that was her boy, Mrs. Green felt that maybe the news that his girl had got married might have affected him.

"And then if they told him he would be arrested when he came back to this country, he would have stayed over there because Billy had a horror of being arrested," Mrs. Green said. "He was afraid of the police. But I don't think it was him."

Looking back on Billy's life, Mrs. Green feels that she left him alone too much and depended on him too much. "He did most of the housework after school because my husband and I were at the mills. And then he worked too, at the mill and at a sandwich shop because he wanted to earn his own money."

Opinion in his home town is divided.

"He was not a boy I would have picked out as being one who would turn his allegiance from his country," Principal Bowen said.

"I wasn't a bit surprised," said a neighbour. "Billy was a strange boy, never happy or satisfied in his life. I can't say that I ever liked him, though he was in and out of my house

most of his life. But when I saw the movies of him over there, I sat down and cried."

"He was a nice kid with great pride in his appearance," said another. "He was quiet and moody; he tried to be happy-go-lucky but he just couldn't make it. I think he was just too young. They shouldn't have sent him over there that young."

Billy danced a jig for South Korean prisoners of war just before he left for the interior of China. Since then there has been silence. If he has danced any more jigs they aren't being photographed.

Pfc. Lowell Denver Skinner, of Akron, O.

born April 9, 1931, enlisted 1949

1st Cavalry, captured November 2, 1950

Protestant, 8th grade, average I.Q.

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, Skinner assisted Communist political instructors, disseminated propaganda material among prisoners and attempted to convert them to Communism, wrote articles for the publication Towards Truth and Peace, made propaganda recordings and became an informer. His rewards included better treatment, better food and clothing and better medical attention.

6

I AM going to China to fight for peace," said the poker-faced American in the padded blue Chinese uniform. "How, exactly, do you fight for peace?" asked the correspondent.

"You speak out for it."

"What do you say?"

"You oppose war, you support peace."

"How do you support peace?"

"You speak out for it."

There was little point in going round and round that barn again so the interview was terminated. Shortly afterward, Lowell Skinner, the boy who ate bananas for a week so he could get up to 116 pounds and be accepted by the army, set out for China with the rest of the twenty-two prisoners of war who refused to come home.

Lowell Denver Skinner was remembered by his neighbours in the river bottoms west of Akron, O., where he grew up, and by his teachers as "the boy who never smiled." His mother, who refused to sign for an under-age enlistment and prayed that he wouldn't pass the physical when he enlisted on his own at eighteen, agreed that Lowell couldn't do better than "a sort of half smile" even when he tried.

His last letter home, written in January of 1945 but not delivered for six months, told of a series of illnesses he had undergone.

"Mom," he wrote, "I've been pretty sick. My teeth went bad and an infection set in my jaw. The entire right side of my head and jaw swelled up and they gave me penicillin. It was after that I had pneumonia twice and malaria. But I'm

all right now except my teeth. I haven't any jaw teeth and it presents a problem while eating."

Looking at his picture in the groups taken at Panmunjon, Mrs. Brady Skinner wasn't sure it was her boy. His hair was too dark and his nose too large. There was a "resemblance," she allowed; this boy certainly wasn't smiling so you couldn't see whether he had all his teeth or not.

"But his face doesn't look as if he had lost all those teeth and I can't see the Communists giving him false teeth," she told me.

"How do we know that those men are our boys?" Mrs. Skinner added. "You know that mother that flew to Japan and then wasn't allowed to see her son? I think the Communists were afraid to let her. She would have found out that those men aren't our boys at all."

Still, the Skinners were convinced enough to make a recording, as nearly all families did in the vain hope that their boy would hear it and it would influence him to come home.

"Please Lowell, listen to me," Mrs. Skinner pleaded. "You must come home. You are needed here, son. I have waited for you for almost three years and I have always stood by you. Please son, don't let me down. I can't give you up. I love you."

To this his father added, "I need you too, Lowell. Make it as quick as possible."

The Skinner family knew very early that their son had become a progressive.

His letters went further than most. In addition to criticizing the Korean conflict as "a senseless waste of lives and property" he asked his parents to withdraw \$50 he had in a savings bank and send it to the *New Masses* and the *Daily Worker*.

"Not only do these magazines serve the working classes by printing the truth," he wrote, "but they help unite the people in their peace fight. I also hope you write to the *Worker* and voice your appreciation."

The Skinners didn't carry out Lowell's request, of course. His letters didn't sound as though he had written them himself but rather as if someone had "dictated" them, they thought. "They were full of big words he never used." And then, too, there was the letter he had written before he was captured.

"Mom," he wrote then, "if anything ever happens and I should be captured, don't believe anything they tell you. Don't sign any papers—you can't trust some people, you know."

That sustains them in their intermittent hope that this may all turn out to be a hoax and Lowell will come walking down the road one day.

Lowell, the first boy in his family—he has two older sisters, one younger sister and a younger brother—was "the apple of my eye," his mother told me. When he was little the family lived on a farm in central Ohio but moved to Akron about the time he started school.

His father, a World War I veteran—a cavalryman—works as a plasterer. The family live in an unprepossessing shack, not much larger than an oversize caravan, set in a field far back from the road on the outskirts of Akron. The Skinners resent newspaper and magazine references to their home as substandard.

Neighbours also are unhappy over the description, and point out that if a family has had to spend money on "medical bills instead of home beautification" that should not be held against them.

These same neighbours thought Lowell "a good little kid, bullheaded maybe—he had a mind of his own and he wanted to do it his way or he wouldn't do it."

"His parents did everything they could for their kids," another neighbour said. "When Lowell got into trouble for shooting that deer on his uncle's place at Wyoming one summer, his mother made the trip all the way out there to stand by him."

"That was the only time he was ever in trouble, and that wasn't what you'd call serious trouble," a former employer commented. "Lowell was a good worker, a serious-minded boy."

The family moved about a good deal and Lowell went to four different schools in Akron, and although his I.Q. was in the average range, 103, and his achievement tests showed him above average in reading and vocabulary as well as social

science, his grades were generally low, though his work habits and conduct were marked "Good."

The only teacher who remembered him called him a "poker face"—the child who never smiled.

"He did his work, but nothing extra; did what was expected of him but, that was all," she said. "He was never chosen by the other children to do anything—and he didn't care if they didn't."

He was fifteen when he started first year at high school and he only attended fifty-four days, not time enough for any teacher to get acquainted with him or the high school's guidance programme to come into effect. Again it was noted that among the pictures taken of the class, his was the only unsmiling face.

His mother said he left school because "it was too hard for him," though he loved to read if it was about anything mechanical. He learned to repair watches and to make model guns; he worked for the local store, cared for the greens of the local golf course and did odd jobs.

Even before he left school he had earned his pocket money. If he wanted fifty cents he wouldn't ask for it, he'd find a way to earn it. He worked and bought bikes for both himself and his younger brother, selling papers, running errands.

I talked to the Skinners in the kitchen of their compact home, sitting around the kitchen table. Mrs. Skinner is a naturally cheerful person, hurt and bewildered now by all that has gone on since the announcement about her son. Her husband is mild mannered; quiet, but with strong opinions.

Lowell was always small for his age, they said, and while he played with the boys in the neighbourhood, had no special friend and didn't care for organized sports. He loved to ride his bike and would go off on thirty or forty mile jaunts by himself. He always got home on time when he said he would. He was the same way about getting back to camp when he was on leave and went to extreme lengths to make sure he would get back on time and have a clean record.

He didn't lose his temper easily, and would usually walk out before an argument really got started. He was slow to get into physical combat but when he did "he went all out"

his father said, proudly, recalling a time when the sheriff came round with two big boys who said Lowell had beaten up both of them.

When he was fourteen Lowell fell down the stairs and fractured his back and he had a serious case of yellow jaundice when he was a little younger, but no other serious illnesses until prison camp.

The Skinners have some theories as to what happened to Lowell in Korea.

"I don't know what Communism is, frankly," Skinner said, "but I know I don't want to live under a dictatorship. Sometimes at work the men get to talking about it and if they argue for having a stronger government my answer is: No government ever created a man, but men create governments and have the right to change them. No country, no family, no person can exclude himself from the world."

If Lowell had been interested just once in politics he would have learned all about it and this wouldn't have happened to him. But he was young and he wasn't interested and they don't teach it in school.

The courtmartials of Dickenson and Batchelor, Skinner felt, were unfair and would make it likely that in the future other boys would choose to stay over rather than come back.

They were loyal soldiers up to the time of their capture. If under the torture of starvation and lack of medical attention these boys broke, it should be taken into consideration.

Frank Noel, the AP photographer who was captured and imprisoned along with the troops, visited the Skinner family to try to bring them some solace. He had known Lowell in camp and told his parents that even to get an aspirin a prisoner of war had to sign a peace petition—and Lowell had been mightysick.

Mrs. Skinner finds it hard to accept that "you are responsible for what your boy does if you let him drive a car at nineteen but the army can take him and send him out to kill and be killed without your consent."

Lowell was eighteen when he enlisted on August 46, 1949, without his parents' signatures. The banana diet worked and he passed his physical. He was in Japan when the hostilities

started in Korea. He had wanted to be in the cavalry like his father, and had been transferred to the 8th Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division just before going overseas. Only now it was an infantry division retaining only the proud old title.

The 1st Cavalry Division landed at Pohang in South Korea on July 18 and was immediately rushed by truck into battle against the North Koreans. It helped turn the tide and was one of the divisions that rushed on to the North Korean capital of Pyongyang late in October. Victory seemed assured and the 1st Cavalry began making plans for a victory march in Tokyo on Armistice Day. Then, on Hallowe'en, under a full moon, Chinese Communists with Russian machine guns attacked in force for the first time. The 8th Regiment was surrounded and eight hundred men cut off for two days. Many were killed or wounded. Some were allowed to escape without a shot being fired at them. Lowell Skinner was captured—officially reported missing on November 2, 1950.

Fellow prisoners reported that he "played ball with the Reds" early in his imprisonment but were surprised when he decided to stay. One thought he really wanted to come home "but is afraid of something."

When a correspondent asked him that last day if he had any message to send to his folks, Lowell replied stiffly: "No message. In a little while I will write and explain to them. I'm sure they have faith in me." Then he faltered a moment and added, "Tell them I am in good health. Tell them not to worry."

Cpl. Larence Sullivan, Santa Barbara, Calif.

born Feb. 1, 1931, enlisted Feb. 25, 1948

2nd Division, captured November 25, 1950

Negro, Protestant, 3rd year high school, average I.Q.

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war Sullivan was a member of the staff of the camp newspaper for which he wrote articles extolling Communism. He circulated petitions and urged his fellow prisoners to sign them, made propaganda recordings for broadcasts, attempted to convert his fellow prisoners to Communism, and was placed in charge of a group of prisoners as one of his rewards.

7

YOU cannot find anyone in Santa Barbara who is willing to condemn LaRance Sullivan for turning his back on America or on their fair town, sprawling along the hills that edge the Pacific midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

It's not because they don't realize the enormity of the step he has taken.

It's not because they were so fond of him, though those who knew him could not but respond to his infectious grin, his laughter and his clowning antics.

It's because they know too much about his background.

They know about the crowded slum where he lived in such contrast to the general opulence of their town.

They know about the little boy who was so hungry "he ate out of the garbage cans" and did not have "the habit of breakfast."

They know about the boy—older now—who shepherded his younger sisters into the haven of a police station when the drinking parties at home became too terrifying.

They know about the succession of stepfathers and the one in particular who beat his mother and persuaded her to sign his enlistment "so we can be rid of him."

And they know how his loyalty to his mother never wavered—and what her end was.

"The first thing my brother wanted to do when he got out of the army was to get Mother started on a new road, get her a home and everything. Even as a little boy he always made

plans for what we would do for Mother . . . And nothing turned out right."

Mrs. Anita Palmore turned to hush her little boy, then stared out of the window of her neat apartment high on a hill in a federal housing project across the Bay from San Francisco.

"Things are worse than ever now," she said without emphasis. "But I guess he had his reasons."

Whatever his reasons, LaRance Vance Sullivan, alone out of the twenty-two who refused repatriation and stayed with their Red Captors, expressed one reason he did not learn completely out of a Communist copybook.

"I have heard about my mother," Sullivan told a correspondent just before he went behind the Iron Curtain. "If our living conditions had been better, this need not have happened."

What happened to LaRance's mother—and what happened to him—began thirty odd years ago when a little girl named Laura Mae was abandoned by her mother in Oklahoma.

"My parents left me a little money when they died," Mrs. Mary B. Frost, tiny, wizened and frail, just home from the hospital, told me. Laura Mae's mother wouldn't do for her, so I adopted her. I put her through high school. I would have sent her to college but then she fell in love and got married. They went to Denver and LaRance was born there. Then Laura Mae's husband left her. I was in California so Laura Mae came to me here."

Mrs. Frost rocked and inhaled camphor in the miniature living room of her miniature apartment in a rear house in Ventura, thirty miles south of Santa Barbara.

"Laura Mae never cared much for staying home," Mrs. Frost said, "so the boy was with me a lot. He was a bright boy. He was a good boy. That's why it hurt me so much when he said he wasn't coming home."

Mrs. Frost brushed a tear from her furrowed brown cheek. "We were as poor as Job's turkey most of the time but LaRance didn't give me no trouble. Only time I ever had to spank him in his life was when he was six and tried to set fire to my house. He was well liked and respected by white folks too."

That was not just a fond grandmother's illusion about her favourite grandson. LaRance was a tall, handsome, outwardly

sunny-positioned, likeable lad, always laughing, always clowning. Still, he worked hard at whatever jobs he could get as a boy and he trained stubbornly at the Santa Barbara Boys' Club to achieve fifty-five chin-ups in succession and thus become National Champion of the Boys' Clubs of America.

All was not well behind that cheerful facade. Teachers and welfare workers, police, probation officers, and Boys' Club directors knew it, and did what they could.

"The resources of the community are richer now," says Dr. Charlotte Elmott, director of child guidance, "and in today's Santa Barbara, the case of LaRance Sullivan might have turned out differently."

Even as it was, more attention was paid to LaRance's handicaps than would have been in most American cities. He was first referred to the child guidance clinic when he was seven and in the first grade, because he stuttered and was having difficulty learning.

It was then that his home situation was first discovered. Attempts were made from time to time to better it. Living conditions were poor, welfare workers reported; there was overcrowding and no privacy; Mrs. Sullivan could not handle the discipline problems of the children; they did not get enough to eat.

LaRance was found to be of "good average intelligence." Still, he did not do well in school. His personality tests showed he had little confidence in his own judgment or his own abilities, that he was cooperative, but not a leader, was stimulated by approval and resented discipline.

"LaRance has not got the security that makes for good adjustment," child guidance experts reported.

"He was never belittled in class," said Mrs. Zelma Pierce, his English teacher. "The other children loved to have him put on one of his acts of pantomime or mimicry. He liked to have his name pronounced as if it were La Rance, and we did."

Mrs. Pierce added that while LaRance read well and interpreted well what he read, "we always felt that he had greater possibilities than he was showing. Of course he had no time for studying and home conditions interfered with his progress.

I was sorry for LaRance in that he didn't have the home and the love he should have had. He had a great need for recognition."

During World War II, LaRance's mother got a job in an aircraft plant working nights at seventy-five cents an hour. At that time LaRance was found dancing for pennies in front of the USQ late at night. Warned that his mother, already in trouble and on probation, would go to jail for contributing to the delinquency of a minor if he continued, LaRance quickly agreed to forgo that lucrative occupation so as not to jeopardize her.

Then in 1945, when he was fourteen, his teachers noted that he seemed to have a cold all the time and was losing weight noticeably. He was sent to the county clinic and given vitamins. His work permit to sell papers was revoked. Instead he was given a job in the high school cafeteria where he was assured at least one substantial meal a day. After that it was noted that he gained a pound a week.

He was rated high as a worker and it was the cafeteria job he put down on his army application as his pre-enlistment work experience.

Matters at home got no better. It is a tribute to the Santa Barbara police that when LaRance did not know what to do to protect his sisters from the frightening scenes at home he brought them to the police station for refuge.

It was inevitable that Laura Mae would finally go to the county jail and serve a sentence for violating probation. When that happened LaRance's sisters were put in foster homes.

"We kept LaRance at the Juvenile Hall," said John B. Clark, senior probation officer. "It's hard as the dickens to find a foster home for a teenage Negro boy."

Clark remembers LaRance as a "quiet, personable boy," never a problem and well liked by the other youngsters as well as the staff.

LaRance stayed at Juvenile Hall, free to come and go because he had no offence charged against him. He lived there for several periods while he was attending high school.

Perhaps Santa Barbara's best try at helping him was through

its Boys' Club. From the age of eleven on LaRance had his happiest times there and if he could have stayed longer at the club "he might have made it," the director, Gordon J. Wormal, believes.

Boys of all social and financial levels participate in the club and there are no distinctions of race or colour. LaRance found his best friend and rival there. Angelo Juarz. Angelo and he both made the try for the chin-up championship, but, as young LaRance shot towards the six foot three he was to reach, he grew stronger than Angelo and was able to chin himself fifty-five times as against forty-eight for his friend.

Although at high school LaRance was definitely considered a follower rather than a leader, at the summer camp sessions of the Boys' Club he was singled out as one of the junior leaders and was looked up to with admiration and devotion by the younger boys.

"He might never have gotten in that prison camp if it hadn't been for my stepfather," said his sister Anita. LaRance changed his mind after he applied the first time. He was under age so mother would have to sign. He told her he didn't want to go any more, but my stepfather made her sign. He said, "then we'll be rid of him."

LaRance went into battle with the 2nd Division early in the fall of 1950, the first year of the war. He was in on the race to the Yalu River on the Manchurian border at the time when General Douglas MacArthur was counting on getting American soldiers "home by Christmas." Sullivan was one of the first to be captured in the overwhelming and unexpected Chinese offensive that delayed the homecoming for three years. He was reported missing on November 25, 1950. In prison camp he soon developed tuberculosis because of the privations and the physical conditions of those early months of imprisonment.

On the Chinese radio LaRance said that Anita would understand "why I am doing this."

In a way Anita does understand and yet—

"It's something hard to understand," she said, "unless they really tell it to you yourselves."

Mrs. Frost, his step-grandmother, understands even less.

Mrs. Frost has a letter from LaRance written in November of 1952, two years after his capture.

"It sounds like him, and then again it don't," Mrs. Frost told me. "He called me Mama, like he always did, but then he says all this other."

What he wrote that puzzled Mrs. Frost was this:

I came to realize since I became a prisoner of war exactly what I am fighting for. I have come to realize that the war is not being fought for the common people like you and I, but for a handful of Wall streets. It really came as a surprise to me when I looked at my country from the outside.

Since my capture I have been in a prisoner of war hospital and I have been treated very well. It is surprising how well I have been treated because I was of the belief when I first got captured that I would be killed. But as you can see, Mama, I am still alive, thanks to the CPV (Chinese People's Volunteers).

I am hoping with all my heart that all you folks will stay in the mood for peace. Maybe soon all the boys will be back home. One thing for sure, Mama, if everyone gets in the move for peace, some day the common people will win.

Keep sweet and pray for us all. Your loving grandson.

No one knows if LaRance had yet heard the shocking news about his mother, though by then he could have.

The *Ventura Star Press* summarized it starkly in a news story of August 17, 1951:

Enrique Maytorena, forty-eight, went to state prison today to serve a ten-year sentence for second-degree murder in the fatal beating of Mrs. Laura Mae Moten, in a hotel room in nearby Oxnard, a month ago. He told police he had beaten her as punishment for trying to steal his wallet.

Pierre Moten, LaRance's stepfather, had already died earlier that month in a truck accident at a summer resort.

Meanwhile LaRance's own father, a furniture warehouseman who now lives in Omaha with his second wife, and who hasn't seen his son since he was a child is more puzzled than anyone.

"I'll never believe it," he said. "It couldn't be true. Why, he didn't have a hard time. He never knew segregation. He didn't live in the south."

Cpl. Scott Leonard Rush, of Akron, O.

born August 18, 1932, enlisted August 19, 1949

3rd Division, captured November 26, 1950

Catholic, 8th grade, low I.Q.

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, Rush was a member of the "Kremlin Club" and was a devoted student of Communism. As a reward for his efforts to convert fellow prisoners, he was appointed a librarian and received better food and medical care than prisoners who resisted Communism.

8

SCOTT LEONARD RUSH was a slight, delicate boy with wide eyes and a baby face when he enlisted in the army in 1949, the day after his seventeenth birthday. When he headed for China in January of 1954, still slight and delicate, he was only twenty-two, no longer wide-eyed, no longer baby-faced, no longer a boy.

His face was lined and weary, pared to a hollowness about chin and cheeks, his eyelids sagged¹, his mouth was twisted and turned down at the corners, his frail, small frame cramped like that of an old man.

The chances are that if Leonard, or Peewee, as he was variously known, had waited until his eighteenth birthday the army wouldn't have taken him at all, with a war on. He wasn't exactly army material. Small, only five feet two, Leonard was a "slow learner" who had been considered in need of clinical help for his emotional difficulties at the special public school he attended.

That is the Miller Occupational School in Akron, where despite few facilities and a lean budget, small miracles are being worked with boys who have difficulty in keeping up with their classmates. The school is still feeling its way in its attempt to solve the problems of the child who can't seem to learn to read—to find ways of teaching him or, failing that, to teach him other skills that will make it possible for him to take his place in the world. Leonard Rush was one of the school's first students. There was no possibility of getting him the expensive help he needed.

Leonard's parents are both alive and there has been no divorce in the family. Yet, rightly or wrongly, he felt un-

wanted. This sense of not belonging was increased when he was fifteen and his parents moved away from Akron, leaving Leonard and his brother Richard behind. Richard was put in a Catholic boarding school. Leonard lived in a basement room and earned his way through school working as a dishwasher at a local hotel.

At the Mayflower Hotel the kitchen staff called him "about as quiet a kid as you'd ever find; speak to him and he'd smile a little but he'd hardly ever say a word."

Neighbours in Akron called him a "nice lad" who didn't play much but who worked hard after school, selling papers on downtown street corners, and caddying before he got the dishwashing job, a boy with no close pals, who had never had a girl.

At the Miller School his skills were developed and latent leadership qualities brought out. He became foreman of the metal shop and showed a strong sense of responsibility, according to the principal, Esmond Thomas. There he thrived and expressed himself and was not the withdrawn boy he remained outside of the school atmosphere.

The teachers and the principal were aware of deep-lying personal maladjustments but the school's budget could not include such expensive items as individual psychological and clinical therapy.

I visited the classes at the Miller School. Boys who have gone through the elementary grades without learning to read well enough to tackle regular high school work go there instead of to high school.

Because, to most of them, books represent the failure that has dogged them through their school years, no books at all are brought out in the beginning classes. The boys grow plants, breed hamsters, play games, work with their hands in an atmosphere where they are not the class "dummies." Once they begin to relax and trust their teacher, reading matter is brought out tentatively, perhaps in the form of an automobile brochure or a pamphlet on woodworking.

Some respond swiftly and go from the second to the sixth grade in reading ability in a year. For those who still can't

master book learning, there is the chance to stay in school until they are eighteen and learn a trade.

Other boys who enlisted with Leonard from the Miller School, and who escaped capture, distinguished themselves in Korea and came back to establish a place for themselves in the community. Among the school's small alumni group are a minister, a builder and a store owner. Leonard too might have been able to find his place, those who knew him felt, if circumstances had not led him to a Korean prison camp.

Leonard graduated from the school in June of 1949 and went to Marietta, O., where his parents were now living. Two months later he enlisted in the army and became a combat photographer in the 3rd Division.

He was only in battle a few days before he was captured. The 3rd Division landed in Korea early in November and got into the front lines just in time to be hit by the waves of fresh Chinese troops that turned what seemed to be victory into a rout.

He was captured on November 26, 1950, but it was a long time before his family were told of what had happened. His first letter, when it finally came through, said:

"I am alive and safe. I sure wish the war was over so we could get to come home. Give my love to all and pray for me so I will come home."

Fellow prisoners were surprised to find that Peewee was one of those who had agreed to stay with the Chinese Reds. He had been "mildly progressive," but hardly more than the general run who didn't see any point in "trying to be a hero" when all you got for your heroism were beatings and frozen feet.

I went to Marietta to see his parents. His father answered my ring. When I told him my mission he said grimly:

"I'm not going to say a thing."

"Perhaps Mrs. Rush . . ."

"You aren't even going to see Mrs. Rush," he said and slammed the door.

Rush had consistently refused to talk to reporters after the news was announced that Leonard was one of the twenty-two but Mrs. Rush had been interviewed and photographed with

a hand-tinted picture of her boy when the news was first announced. A tiny, dark-haired woman—she is four foot ten—she had spoken of Leonard's "wonderful personality."

"When Sonny was reported missing in action, I knew that he was alive," she told reporters. "And now I know he's coming home. Just as I know he's not turned Communist. It isn't something that you can explain. It's something that you feel deep in your heart."

But Sonny isn't coming home. Before he left for the interior of China he told correspondents that the decision to stay with the Reds was "my own, there was no intimidation or attempt to persuade me to stay back. The Chinese tried many times to get me to come back, but I am determined to fight for peace and this is the only place where I will have the freedom to do it."

Sonny isn't coming home. But that pathetically frail, old before his time, figure who marched with the twenty-two behind the Iron Curtain isn't Sonny, either.

Pfc. } Otho G. Bell, of Hillsboro, Miss.

born Jan. 23, 1931, enlisted Jan. 29, 1949

2nd Division, captured November 30, 1950

Protestant, 8th grade only, low I.Q.

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, Bell voluntarily attended Communist indoctrination meetings and assisted the Communists in their efforts to get other prisoners to accept Communism. He made propaganda recordings and signed peace petitions. For his willing efforts, he was made a mail orderly.

Otho Bell was one of three Americans who in June, 1955, requested permission to leave China.

9

OTHO BELL was twenty-three on January 23, 1954, the day his native land receded from him forever, the last day when he could change his mind and go back to his wife and the daughter he had never seen, and the farm in Mississippi where he had been raised.

Otho's mother was twenty-three the day she died, January 23, 1931—the day he was born—and Otho had grown up feeling that he had “killed his mother” to the point where he got the idea he himself would die on his twenty-third birthday.

It isn't necessary to presume that Otho's “decision” to stay with his Red jailers was a decision to die so far as home and family and country were concerned. There were other factors involved.

He had not been educated, as one teacher put it, “to the point where he would be a good citizen of a democracy or would be capable of judging what the Reds told him.”

On the other hand, he had learned to do what he was told—and no back talk.

“I could always scare him into anything,” his father, Elbert A. Bell, said, “and if I had the chance I could have scared him into coming back home.”

But it was the Chinese Communists, not Otho's father, who had the chance to scare him into doing what they wanted him to do—and they succeeded well enough so that Otho, though the only one of the twenty-two with a wife and child, went behind the Iron Curtain with the others.

Claude Batchelor, originally one of the group, who broke for freedom at the last moment to rejoin his Japanese wife, told Otho's wife, Jewell Bell, that her husband had been

convinced by the Chinese that she and their daughter Paula would be able to join him in China.

When I talked to her in Olympia, Wash., where she was supporting herself by taking care of six young children whose parents had gone to Alaska, I asked Mrs. Bell if she would be willing to go to Otho if arrangements could be made.

"If I were alone, I would go to him anywhere," she said, her eyes filling with tears "just so he would be sure that someone loved him. But I could not do that to Paula."

Despite his mother's youth when she died at his birth, Otho was her fifth child. His father remarried when Otho was seven months old and there were six more children by this marriage.

"He was just the same as my own, I had him so young," the second Mrs. Bell told me. "He was just as much mine as the next one who's only a year and a half younger. Seems like I thought more of him at times than the others."

But Otho knew that his own mother had died when he was born. Away from home he brooded over it and felt that he was less favoured than his younger half brothers and sisters. In a way it was true. Times were a little easier as the younger children came along. The 160 acres of sandy soil which his father was making into a farm began to pay off and the younger ones had things that Otho had had to do without. He was too young to understand the reasons.

The farm is a few miles down back roads from Hillsboro, Miss., a hamlet consisting of two general stores, a tiny post office, a filling station and a feed store. The family is old Mississippi stock on both sides and has lived in the area for some generations.

The farmhouse has always been too small for the burgeoning Bell family and there are beds in every room. Mrs. Bell talked to me in the parlour where there were framed pictures of Otho and of his wife and daughter. Small and round-faced, her hair pulled into a knot at the back of her head, her house-dress covered with a big white apron. Mrs. Bell sat with her hands clasped in her lap most of the time that we talked.

"Otho was a good little boy," Mrs. Bell told me. "He didn't fight with the other children—he got along too good

with them. Most of the time he did what he was told but if you did have to punish him with a cane he would sit down and cry a little and then go out and play."

He didn't get into fights with the other children, "he got along too good," he did "what he was told" and he was "patient" if he couldn't get what he wanted.

Otho's father has pushed himself to the limit to put the farm on a paying basis and it finally is. The family now has a tractor, a shiny new car, an enormous chicken house and twenty-three head of cattle.

Bell worked hard and expected his boys to do likewise; he expected them to come a-running when he called them and they did—Otho in particular.

"He was a real good worker," his father says of him. "He was one of the best workers I ever saw. He was strong and healthy. I always taught my children to work. If boys don't work they do something else like petty stealing or robbing banks. He was easy to manage, I could just scare him into doing anything I wanted him to do."

Growing up, Otho worked hard and played hard, picking cotton in the fields, hunting for possum and squirrel in the woods, fishing the streams for trout. He didn't like school and didn't do well there. He spent three years in the eighth grade. The third year he was kept company by a half brother, on his second try, and a half sister on her first.

His teachers liked him. One, Mrs. Olive Gatewood, was particularly fond of him and he returned her affection. Before he went overseas he brought her a book, *The Case of the Backward Mule*, and he wrote her a letter from prison camp.

"I can still see him," Mrs. Gatewood said, "with his shoes unshined, and his shirt tail hanging out. He had a good sense of humour even if it did run to practical jokes. But he would rather hunt possum at nights than go to school."

When Otho was making one of his attempts at the eighth grade, his class was transferred to a new school at the county town of Forest.

If he hadn't liked school before, he really hated it now. The town children were "uppity" to the country school transfers and Otho's family got him into another country

school district where he got his diploma finally, complete with cap and gown.

Otho didn't go on to high school. He was pleased to be out of the eighth grade at last and he was through with school. But he was restless. He wanted a car. He wanted to be a truck driver with a big trailer truck. He wanted to be a cop. He settled for an enlistment in the army.

With another local boy he ran off across the river to Louisiana and enlisted a few days after his seventeenth birthday. He lied about his age and was accepted. He didn't take much to army life and after a few months he wrote his father begging him to get him out.

"He was glad to get his pa's help to get him out," Mrs. Bell told me, "though he hadn't got his signature to get him in. He had a little spree with a rattletrap car he bought on his army pay. And then he was back again, because they kept ding-donging at him about the other boy staying in even if he was underage too. He didn't want anybody to think he was chicken-hearted."

His second enlistment was a few days after his eighteenth birthday in January, 1949. He didn't like army life any better than he had before. He phoned home—on reversed charges—so often that the bills began to worry his father. He was always writing for money to come home on weekend leave and when he came home he never wanted to go back. Three times he overstayed and was court martialled. He was fined a total of \$125 and sentenced to seventy-seven days' hard labour for his offences.

Then he was sent to Fort Lewis, Wash., near Seattle where he met his future wife, Jewell, and they married only a few months before the Korean war started. The 2nd Division was alerted for Korea early in July and landed at Pusan early in August. Paula was born just before he was captured in November of 1950.

"He was real good to me," Jewell told me, "he wouldn't let me do any heavy work after we knew the baby was coming. After he got overseas he wrote me five letters a week even if it was only a line."

The letters which had come during all the days of the early

defeats in the beginning of the war, through the victory march up to the Yalu River, stopped for a long while after he was captured in that November rout which broke up the 2nd Division.

Until the peace conference started, no letters came out of North Korean prison camps, and families knew only that their boys were missing.

When his letters started coming again they weren't quite the same. They asked his wife to work for peace and had the usual line about how the North Koreans and the Chinese were not to blame for the war—"I would be home now if the Americans would stop fighting."

His family too got letters like these, as well as others talking about how anxious he was to get home, how much he missed his mother's chocolate cake and banana pudding. He asked how his hunting dog Old Jute was getting on and about his Uncle Joe with whom he used to go hunting.

When the news came that Otho was one of the group that would refuse repatriation, Jewell brought their little daughter down to Mississippi to visit the Bells. Later she went to Washington with Aaron Wilson's family to see if she could get to Korea and talk to Otho.

The Bells, like the other families, made a recording pleading with their boy to come home.

"Just imagine son," his father said, "that I have my arms around you. Imagine that I am right there by you, kissing you on the cheek. We all want you home, son, I can guarantee you will not be harmed. Tell the Indians that you want to come home and they will let you."

Like the other recordings that were made by families and friends, this one was never heard by Otho.

The elder Bell tried to get permission, then, to go over to Korea and see his son in person. The local American Legion Post campaigned to raise the passage money. But the Defence Department refused to let him go.

When Edward Dickenson left the compound early in October and came home to his family in the hill country of Virginia, the Bells trekked up to see him.

They were only able to talk to his parents and did not get much consolation from their visit.

Nor did Otho's wife get much consolation from her correspondence with Claude Batchelor, the other G.I. who escaped.

Jewell wrote to Batchelor asking him about Otho and if it were true that the twenty-two had been doped.

In his answer he said he was sorry to have to say that "we were duped rather than doped."

"Otho's chief reason for staying behind," he wrote on January 21, 1954, in the first of two letters to his friend's wife, "was not so much from political reasons as from fear, though he had done nothing to be afraid of."

"Bell is very much confused over the political situation and before I left I'm sure he was thinking whether he was doing right or not. He used to talk to me occasionally and I tried in an indirect way to discourage him from staying. I thought perhaps when I left a few others would have followed. However Radio Peiping says I am undergoing third-degree methods of torture to extract information and atrocity stories from me, which is an outright lie."

He told her that Otho had twice been in the hospital at Panmunjon, "which is completely staffed by Chinese and North Koreans," once with a sprained back and once when he was "having some trouble with his wisdom teeth."

Otho's fear was "Communist-instilled," Batchelor wrote, "and partly comes from G.I.'s who were prisoners with him. You see, he, like myself, was one of those prisoners of war who, wanting to do good for the American people, fell for a bit of Chinese propaganda and became what was known as progressives . . . Other G.I.'s started labelling them rats, informers, traitors, etc., when actually they were under the impression that what they were doing was right. Several rumours went around camp about Bell (false as I have found out) that there was a circular being circulated in the army saying, 'Don't be a Bell' and listing several things he was alleged to have done. I have checked on that and found it to be false but Otho doesn't or can't know about it. So with these things weighing on the fellow's mind, it makes it hard for him to come home."

He warned Otho's wife not to "get your hopes all built up because the possibility exists that he will not come home, in fact, it is very likely. I warn you only so that it will not be too much of a let down should we fail."

In his second letter written on February 2, after Otho had gone behind the Iron Curtain with the rest, Batchelor told Mrs. Bell how sorry he was that the letters he had sent Otho weren't delivered to him and that he had not changed his mind.

"These things may be a little hard for you to comprehend especially when I tell you that Otho had the greatest love for you and Paula," Batchelor wrote. "I have the deepest sympathy for you and especially for Paula. Bell was a good friend of mine and he told me many things about you and the child he had never seen. We often talked intimately about our wives. We were the only two in camp who were married and it bound us together."

He told her that he thought she could still write to Otho through the Chinese People's Committee for World Peace but warned her to be "prepared for almost nothing but Communist propaganda . . . Please don't make the mistake I did. Turn your efforts to educating young Paula to learn what it is to live in a free country where she can say and do as she likes without fear. Teach her to love and respect people of all races and to govern her life according to humanitarian principles. She has never seen her father. She doesn't have to know until she is old enough to understand.

"Do not let this incident destroy you as it would have done my wife. She was already contemplating suicide when I came home.

"Life is still ahead of you. You are young and you have a long life ahead of you in our free America. More than yourself you have a great obligation resting on your shoulders. Young Paula's father is gone. What would she do without her mother? These things you must think about and gather courage to go through life with a proud head. Proud that you are a good American who is fulfilling an obligation to life. There are people who will not understand. A few will point and say bad things. But there are many, many more who will point and say this woman has courage. The bad types are only a few.

The good are many. You have absolutely nothing to worry about.

"Take my advice, Mrs. Bell. Find Paula a new father, one she can love and respect, a man of courage who will shelter her as his own. Give her a chance to know the love of a father so she doesn't get discouraged by a lot she doesn't understand."

Jewell Bell has no intention of taking this last advice. Just before I visited her, she had received a letter from her husband—one of the rare messages received by any of the families of the twenty-two. He asked if she and Paula still loved him and added, "I am wondering if you are planning to marry someone else or still want to be my wife."

Talking to me in the living room of her temporary home, with the children she was caring for and Paula romping up and down it, the tears came to her eyes as she told me that she had written to Otho that he would always be her husband and that Paula prays for him every night.

She is under a doctor's care for the nervous tension that has never left her since the day she heard Otho was going to stay with the Chinese Communists. It shows in her eyes and in her face. But it is gone when she speaks to the children, her own Paula as well as the six under her care. Her response to them is wholehearted and they all love her devotedly.

One of the boys guided me to a drugstore where I could buy flashbulbs for my camera.

"Do you miss your father and mother much?" I asked him.

"Gee, I guess so," he answered, "sure, but gee, we sure like Jewell. She's the only baby sitter we ever had that we liked. That's why Mom got her to come and stay with us while they went away."

But life stretches bleakly ahead for Paula and her mother. The youngster can pick her father out of the group pictures taken of the twenty-two before they left for China and she points proudly to a cabinet photograph of him and says: "That's my daddy."

She doesn't understand why he doesn't come home, why she doesn't have a daddy who is there in person like the other children she knows. Or why she can't have the wagon she wants so much—like the one her playmates have. "My daddy

will get one for me, when he comes home," she keeps saying belligerently. As yet she is too young to understand, but the time will come when she will have to know her father's story.

Cpl. Albert C. Belhomme, of Ashland, Pa.

born in Antwerp, Nov. 7, 1928, enlisted Nov. 6, 1948

2nd Division, captured November 30, 1950

Catholic, European education, high I.Q.

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, he wrote articles for the Communist publication "Towards Truth and Peace" and created slogans for Communist posters displayed in camp. He was a member of the "Kremlin Club" which was devoted to special study of Communist ideology and to discussions of Communism in the international situation. Belhomme was a leader of a Communist study group and was used as a liaison man between prisoners and Communist camp authorities.

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IN many ways the case of Albert Belhomme is a curious paradox. Born in Belgium and taken to America by his mother when she married an American G.I., Albert had little time to put down roots in his adopted country before he was made prisoner by the Chinese Reds.

Conversely, as a foreigner, he was the only one of the twenty-two who chose to stay with their Red Captors having previously elected to become an American. He had taken out his first papers; had joined the army, actually, to speed up the process of becoming a citizen.

In an interview before he left Panmunjon to go behind the Iron Curtain, Belhomme pointed out that he had spent five years of his life "under Hitler's occupation" and that he had no wish to go back to more of the same which he was now certain would be his lot in America.

As a refugee from Europe, Albert had seemed to appreciate the democratic principles of his adopted country to a greater degree than boys who had grown up knowing nothing else. Still he was not immune to the idea that what had happened in Europe could happen in America.

Alone of the twenty-two, he had had real contact with Communism and Communists, and might be supposed to have acquired some sophistication as to their aim and methods. But he knew Communists only as staunch members of the Underground, allies in the fight against Hitler at a time when their plans were veiled under the guise of the United Front—and he was hardly more than a child.

When Albert was born in Antwerp, Belgium in 1928, peace and prosperity began to seem like established institutions.

Yet there was a shadow across Albert's life before he was scarcely able to talk.

"Our daddy was mean to him," his mother, Marcella Belhomme Seifert, put it. "He slapped him around. That's why we separated."

The child became a chronic victim of asthma and from the age of two until he was five he was cared for in a sanatorium. He recovered sufficiently to go to the parish school where he soon became the most brilliant student.

"The priest said he studied too much," Mrs. Seifert said. "He could learn to speak any language he wanted to."

Albert was eleven when the war came. He was twelve when his father was killed. He was thirteen when he beat his way to Berlin to find his mother who had been put in a slave labour camp there. He stayed there with her and was with her when she met an American G.I., Theodore L. Seifert of Ashland, Pa.

"Albert liked Ted from the beginning," Mrs. Seifert said. "He was happy when we told him we were going to be married and asked if he could start calling him Dad from then on."

Because of Albert, there were some complications about the two entering America but they were admitted in 1946 when Albert was eighteen. He took out his first citizenship papers but wasn't able to get a regular job even though he had become an expert drill press operator in Germany.

For a time he attended occasional classes at Ashland High School with some of his friends, to pick up English. There is a story current in the town that he resented "being used as an assistant teacher" because his German accent was so good, and stopped going to class on that account.

He tried to get in the navy but was turned down for flat feet and finally enlisted in the army in November 1948. In the meantime he had made himself a part of the community in two short years, with a host of friends.

One of his friends remembered him as "quieter than the average and brighter than the average; he picked up English in a few months and spoke it flawlessly."

Another spoke of how he had helped the students he knew with both German and French and quickly became one of the gang.

"He wouldn't talk about his experiences in the war," another one said. "I guess they must have been pretty bad. And there were times when I thought he wasn't very stable. He certainly hadn't had a stable life."

He was handy around the house, made bookcases out of crates, painted and fixed things up generally, his mother said. He and his stepfather, a railroad worker, got along fine. "He would do anything for his Dad."

Once in the army he passed all the tests for officers' training but one: he had not yet obtained his citizenship. After basic training he was sent over to Germany for three months, recalled and sent to Seattle, then to Korea with the 2nd Division.

His mother remembers how proud he was of his uniform when he was home on leave and how he changed three times a day so as to always look neat and fresh.

The Chinese Reds captured Albert on November 25, 1950. He was held in four different camps, acting as liaison man between prisoners and their captors. He was not accused of being an informer.

Of all the twenty-two Belhomme is undoubtedly the Chinese Reds' prize catch, useful in more ways than just as a propaganda gesture. His phenomenal ability with languages revealed itself when he learned Korean and Chinese to the point where he "could speak like a native." In addition he knew Flemish, Dutch, French, German and English and could pass as a native in any of these languages.

Mrs. Seifert, a slight, pleasant-faced woman who does day work, is as puzzled as any of the other mothers over her son's refusal to come back.

"He loved this country," she told me. "He didn't want to go back to Belgium. And he had about \$6,000 coming to him."

His letters, like those of the others, contained no forewarning of what was to happen. The last one, sent in May of 1953, said, "Mom, for God's sake, pray that the truce talks go through and I can come home; we'll have a gay time."

Earlier he had written saying that Americans should not feel too badly towards the pros because these boys had lived under awful conditions in the enemy prison camps.

This was in April when progressives were a large part of the group of wounded prisoners exchanged under special terms, in "Operation Little Switch."

Even when it was all over and her son had gone behind the Iron curtain, Mrs. Seifert had not given up hope.

"They'll come back, one by one, when they see what's going on in Russia. I can't understand Albert or the other boys."

Now she's not so sure they'll be able to come back—even one by one. She has had no word from Albert since that January day when he started for the interior of China.

Pfc. Aaron P. Wilson, of Urania, La.

born July 28, 1932, enlisted March, 1950

7th Division, captured November 30, 1950

Baptist, 8th grade, low I.Q.

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, Wilson performed special duties for the Chinese Communists, circulating peace petitions, making recordings for Communists propaganda broadcasts, participated in Communist study group meetings and tried to win converts to Communism. His rewards included more and better food and a greater degree of freedom than that given other prisoners.

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REMEMBER before the war when you got lost one day while hunting and we brought you out of the woods? Well, we still feel the same way, only this time we are trying to bring you out of the woods of Communism."

These words were addressed to Aaron P. Wilson of Urania, La., by Sheriff Floyd of LaSalle Parish. They were part of a recorded plea sent to him while he was in the neutral zone at Panmunjon and could still change his mind about refusing to come back to his country.

It is doubtful if Aaron ever heard Sheriff Floyd's plea, or the voices of his parents and favourite sister begging him to come home. It is doubtful if it would have made any difference if he had. Aaron's family, with some reason, believe their boy is one of three who, South Koreans said, wanted to come back but were "scared."

"He was a humble boy who never answered me back in his life," says his mother, Mrs. Henry B. Wilson. "When he was whipped he would stand up like a humble little dog and take his punishment."

"No boy in that town would've got lost in those woods and had to be led out," said a former resident of Urania. "Unless you could go in and lead him out of that Communist camp, there was no chance he'd come out of there either."

"He was a lonely kid, quiet, not as bright as he should be," said a neighbour. "He stayed to himself, played to himself and never did what the other kids did; never even played ball."

"My brother could never have written those letters," said his sister Myrtle, speaking of the Communist propaganda he wrote home. "He was too dumb to write like that. Why, when he

went in the Army he was seventeen and still in the eighth grade."

"Aaron was afraid he would be prosecuted if he came home" was the word sent to his family by Claude Batchelor, the prisoner of war who slipped out of the compound just before the deadline. "But he hasn't anything to fear. A lot of other prisoners informed on their buddies. But Aaron was straight and never did anything like that."

Nor does the army accuse him, as it does twelve of the twenty-two of being an informer.

Whether he was scared or stupid, or both, whether he fell for the Communist line, or the Communist lures, Aaron went behind the Iron Curtain on January 28, 1954, with the others.

This was not the first time that Aaron's family had had to get used to the idea of doing without him. He was reported dead rather than missing in the fall of 1950 and it wasn't until 1952 it was established that he was alive and a prisoner. In the meantime the army paid his war insurance.

And he almost died at birth, as the result of a forceps injury. For two weeks he hovered between life and death.

"Then he had three months' colic," Mrs. Wilson remembered. "And a fever so bad we had to hold him in a pan of water to cool him off."

Aaron survived that and an emergency appendectomy before he was two. From then on there is no record of illness until in his teens when he ruptured himself helping to build a barn for the Baptist church. He had to wear a support, his sister said, and "we wouldn't let him tussle around any longer."

Oldest and only boy for thirteen years, Aaron was born in the second summer of the depression in a company house in the lumber town of Urania, deep in the Piney Woods section of Louisiana. His father has always worked for the Urania Lumber Company—when there was work—and his highest wage had been seventy-five cents an hour. It was much less than that when Aaron was growing up. A cow, a pig and a vegetable garden are necessities for most of the residents in Urania if their families are to have enough to eat. The houses are heated with wood stoves and until recently all cooking

was done on them. Some residents boast that it's an "all-white town, not a nigger in ten miles."

It's also a town where the word is passed around quickly that a stranger is around. I asked direction to the Wilson place and after two or three wrong turns finally found it. There was no one home. But before I could decide whether to wait or leave, a slick blue car drove up. Mrs. Wilson was at the wheel. She'd heard that someone was asking for her.

The Wilsons had eight children, six survive. The baby, Glenda Joyce, two, was born while Aaron was in prison camp and he has never seen her. Closest to him in age and affection is Myrtle Elaine.

"Aaron was the favourite of all of us," Myrtle told me. "He was our pet. I remember the first day he went to school. He was six in July, but I wasn't old enough yet. We slept together. That morning he shook me and said, 'Wake up sister and kiss me goodbye.'"

If Aaron acted as though going to school was like setting out on a long journey, he wasn't far wrong. For him, school was a strange, unhappy place and he never got accustomed to it, even though he spent two years in nearly every grade.

His teachers felt he did as well as he could, but that he was apathetic to teaching, passing most of his days dreaming and looking out the window. He was a stubborn and docile by turns, "you couldn't tell whether or not he was a good loser—he just accepted it."

His classmates didn't bully him or pick on him—"they didn't pay that much attention to him." Most of his school days he was bigger and older than the rest of his classmates, but he attempted neither to lead them or intimidate them on that account.

"He just spent most of his time by himself," one teacher said. "He would look up at you from under those eyebrows of his and seem to say, 'Try to get at me, try to take me happy.' But the teachers didn't get any closer to him than the children did."

"I hit him with a board once," another teacher told me (corporal punishment is allowed in Louisiana schools), "though he didn't usually need disciplining, and it really did

hurt me more than it did him. He just stood there and took it."

Myrtle soon passed him in school and became in effect a second mother and an older brother to him.

"I felt sorry for him because he wouldn't assert himself," she told me as we talked in her one-room apartment in a made-over frame house in Alexandria. "He'd take more than I ever would. He never fought but once in his life. He'd let anybody take his things and they'd never bring them back. I stood up for him when he wouldn't take up for himself."

When she went away he missed her.

"I remember one time I went off to Columbia to visit friends. A few days Aaron showed up. He had thumbed a ride. He told me mother wanted me to come home. But that wasn't true, he just wanted me home."

Myrtle felt that while her brother was quiet with new people, he was on the whole "too friendly." Myrtle didn't think her parents had been too hard on Aaron.

"Maybe they were too easy on us. If we couldn't get something from daddy, we would go to mother and get it. We always had our own way in the end. I know mother worried when he stayed out late. She would always wait up for him."

But Mrs. Wilson felt they had been neither too hard nor too easy on their son. "He was a good boy; he didn't need many whippings; he was a humble child; he never drank in his life; the only thing he ever defied me on was cigarettes; he wanted to smoke and I finally let him."

Aaron liked to hunt and his life's ambition was to live on a farm. He loved horses and western movies, comic books, and to strum on "the old guitar." He didn't take good care of his own things but his sister tried to do it for him. "Oh, sometimes he'd take a smart spell." He was good at changing a flat or remaking a bike out of two old ones. He drew the water for his mother and worked at odd jobs, "but only when he felt like it."

His sister said he pestered his father for two years to sign his recruitment papers; his mother believed that "the recruiter down at Olla" was responsible for his enlisting.

At any rate, he went in on March 13, 1950, while he was

still seventeen, a few months before the Korean conflict started. He had his last leave that July, after the war had started, and his sister said she had never seen him so upset.

"I hate to leave mother and daddy but I got to go," he told her. "But I want them to leave me, I don't want to leave them. Get them to go away before we pull out."

And that was the last time that Aaron and his family have seen each other. He was sent to Korea immediately—he had had fourteen weeks of basic training—and he was reported killed in the rout at the end of November, that year.

With the insurance money, the family bought the new car and the farm up in northern Louisiana which Aaron had always wanted. Aaron's father told him about the farm in the recording they made; about the sixty bales of cotton and the good corn that had been harvested by the people he had farming it and added, "I will give you a car when you come home."

In 1952 word came through that Aaron was on a list of prisoners given out by the Communists and they began to get letters from him. They were strange letters for Aaron to write.

"He didn't know nothing about Communism," Myrtle says. "Any more than I did—or any more than I do now for that matter."

His mother had an idea he might not be coming home when his letters stopped coming after April of 1953.

"I talked to a lot of other returned men and they told us about those classes where they taught the boys Communist politics," Mrs. Wilson said. "And when his name was not on the list of freed prisoners, we had an idea he might be thinking about staying. But that is not his will. He is not that kind of a boy."

The Wilsons called on Senator Russell Long of Louisiana to help get Aaron back. They wrote to Representative Passman, to Senator McCarthy, to President Eisenhower and even to an Indian guard with the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission whose name they saw in a newspaper.

They asked the guard to give Aaron their telephone number—they had had a phone installed since getting the insurance money—and ask him to call them.

They asked Eisenhower to let them go over and see Aaron.

"I got a letter from the President telling me that, according to the armistice agreement, parents are not allowed to see their sons in the Communist camp," Mrs. Wilson said. "I don't think that's fair. If the mothers and fathers of those boys could see them and talk to them they would all come home."

Myrtle went to Washington with the wife and mother of another prisoner of war, Otho Bell, and tried to get a passport to get to Tokyo herself. In the meantime she gave Mrs. Portia Howe (who got as far as Japan in trying to see her son, Richard Tenneson), a letter for Aaron. That letter he did receive. It read:

Hi Aaron: I am coming to Japan in hopes that I can see you. I'll send you another message when I arrive in Japan. Please ask permission to see me. Mom and Dad are not able to make the trip because of bad health. Please do as I say just once as I want to see you once again. I'm praying for you.

Love,

Myrtle Elaine.

To this she got a reply, but "it is not my brother talking at all," she said after she read it. "My brother was too dumb to write a letter like that. Someone addressed it, signed it Bud, and filled in the middle."

Aaron's letter read in part:

It is most surprising to hear that you are being allowed to come to Japan. I was wondering who is supporting you in this unexpected trip and I bet you had to go through quite a bit of red tape in order to get your passport, etc.

It's a wonder the government is allowing you to come so far because, believe me, they can be most unjust in their actions toward ordinary people like you and I.

Of course that might be hard for you to see, but even you must begin to wonder when returning Korean ex-prisoners of war are put in jail for speaking truth. Or else they are put out of the way in "mental hospitals." Well, Sis, I'm hoping very much that I will be able to see you but you will have to realise that it will only be possible by you coming to see me for my decision to remain here is stronger than ever, and was made

of my own free will. My reasons, when you fully understand them may make you want to stay here yourself . . .

If you come to see me, don't come thinking I'm some horrible creature with horns and everything . . . For I am still your brother, hardly changed at all except that I am now a bit more clear-sighted . . . Keep your ears open and when you go back home think everything over carefully and you may then be a wiser woman

Your loving brother,
Bud Aaron P. Wilson.

No passport was forthcoming, but William L. Randall of nearby Olla, then with the 374th Troop Carriers in Tokyo, flew over to Panmunjon to try to argue him out of it. He never got a chance and only saw Aaron from a distance.

When Batchelor came out, he revealed that both Aaron's letter and another sent by Tenneson to his mother had been a joint composition of the group.

When the deadline came and went and Aaron was lost behind the Iron Curtain, Mrs. Wilson still insisted that if he could have been separated from the others he would have come home.

"I still say he'd come home if he could get away. My boy is scared to death. He's scared to come home. It's more than I can bear."

Pvt. Samuel David Hawkins, of Oklahoma City, Okla.

born August 11, 1933, enlisted September 21, 1949

2nd Division, captured November 30, 1950

Protestant, 3rd year high school, low average I.Q.

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, Hawkins voluntarily collaborated with the Communists, informed on his fellow prisoners, attended voluntary classes conducted by the Chinese and tried to persuade other prisoners to accept Communism. Among other rewards, Hawkins was appointed mail clerk by the Chinese.

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TO his mother, David Hawkins was “a baby in a man’s shoes.” To his fellow prisoners of war in a Korean prison camp he was “a character, a fresh kid.” To his teachers in Oklahoma City, he was a dreamer “who wanted to get through the day with the least disturbance; who took life as it came and didn’t put up much fight.”

Samuel David Hawkins was only sixteen when he enlisted in the army, with his mother’s signature and records to prove he was seventeen. He was really seventeen when he was captured by the Chinese Reds in the disorganized 2nd Division retreat of late November, 1950. He was twenty when he was persuaded to remain with the rest of the twenty-two American prisoners of war who refused repatriation.

His mother, Mrs. Carley Sallee Jones, a twice-divorced Holiness sect preacher, signed for her only child’s enlistment in 1949 because “I didn’t want him running loose in the streets; there wasn’t a war on then.” She couldn’t know that he would never run loose anywhere, ever again.

“I’m sure I was too strict with him,” Mrs. Jones said when she first heard the news that her son was among those who would not return. “I raised him as a little fellow, not to engage in worldly things, I guess you’d just have to say. Outside of church and Boy Scouts, he just didn’t have any other activities. Oh, he read comic books—you couldn’t keep him from it—and when he got old enough to make a choice I let him go to the movies, although it wasn’t in my faith. But that was about all.”

Her last letter from David was sent on May 11, 1953, and he “didn’t even mention that he wanted to stay behind; all

of his letters asked us to pray for him that he would come home soon."

David's father, Clayton O. Hawkins, an oil field worker, died in a fire in Tuskahoma, Okla., while his son was in prison camp. The Hawkinses had been divorced when David was a youngster, but the boy had kept some contact with his father, visiting him at his rooming house when he was in Oklahoma City—"but usually only when he wanted money," according to the landlord there.

His mother's second marriage didn't last much longer than her first. David never had a settled home. His mother moved from rooming house to rooming house, from one section of Oklahoma City to another. One year he went to three different schools.

Sometimes the boy stayed with his grandmother, Mrs. Herbert E. Slaughter, and it was her name that was put down on his enlistment papers for notification. Mrs. Slaughter thought her daughter had been pretty hard on David. She was resentful over what happened to him and blamed it on the Democratic administration.

"What were we fighting for over there anyway?" she asked. "They gave our boys tanks without nuts and bolts, things that wouldn't work. They didn't try to win the war."

Because he moved around so much and because his life was so hemmed in with maternal restraints, David never had a chance to make any close friends in Oklahoma City. One summer he went out to California to visit an aunt and was so happy there with his cousins that he begged to stay—and did for two years.

Since his uncle is an army officer, the family refuses to reveal his name, evidently from some of the same feelings that David himself expressed to fellow prisoners of war in camp when he made his decision to stay—although he twisted the facts a bit.

"Sure I'm staying," he told a hut mate. "But I don't know what they'll do to my old man. He's a Major in the German occupation army."

At school, his teachers had liked David—one remembered every seat he had sat in—though some of them thought him

unresponsive, even to kind treatment, and said he was not a happy boy. His I.Q. was a little below average, but he didn't do as well in school as he could have because of "lack of effort."

He got along well both with teachers and classmates. He was not a trouble maker, but he had no close friends, no buddy no girl, no interest in sports or extra curricular activities.

One teacher said he had talked to her about his doubts of his mother's religious beliefs and felt that he had been pressured into church activities. His grandmother was inclined to agree and thought he went to church because he was forced to go.

David was absent from school a good deal all through the years, but after he returned from California to start his third year in high school he was particularly restless and often stayed away from class. Finally he quit going altogether and it was then that his mother signed for his enlistment "to keep him off the streets."

Mrs. Jones was hard to track down to the modest frame rooming house where she lives in the northwest section of Oklahoma City. With reporters she had been alternately talkative and belligerently silent. When I finally found her home, she stood behind a door at the top of the stairs and declared she had nothing to say except that she was writing the story of her son's life herself.

On January 28, 1954, the day he left for China, she had written an article about him for the *Oklahoma City Times*, after first refusing to look at wire photos of the group.

"I feel like heading a one-woman army and going after those kids myself," her story started.

"If you ask me who has disgraced themselves, it is we, who have sat back in apparent helplessness and let those Red devils carry off our American boys, and for propaganda purposes of our own say, 'Good riddance to bad rubbish.'

"One of those boys happens to be mine and I'm not going to let the Communists push me around while I sit idly by and say and do nothing. For, I'm serving a living God.

"It reminds me of the story in the Book of Samuel where the giant Goliath defied the army of the living God and little David with the shepherd's sling and five stones met the

challenge with, 'Who is the uncircumcised Philistine that he should defy the army of the living God?' "

Mrs. Jones told of how her son had written home for pictures of late model cars and of the fact that he, like most of the rest, had \$5,000 waiting for him, as a basis for her belief that his refusal to come home could not be "voluntary."

She spoke of "the great mistake" she made in "not teaching him more self-reliance instead of fighting his battles for him and shielding him from the realities of life so closely that he was unable physically, mentally and spiritually to cope with the situation he faced in prison.

"I can understand the anguish he must have suffered in soul and body, as all boys did, but some with greater fortitude than those who failed to return."

When she signed for his enlistment in the army she said she "did not take into consideration that the reason for having an army is the possibility of war." David didn't even know what he was fighting for, Mrs. Jones pointed out, adding, "For that matter does anyone realize what the Korean war was all about?"

"I shudder when I think of the time David wakes up to what Communism really is and that they deny the Lord Jesus Christ in Whom he has believed all his life."

In conclusion she wrote, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone at these boys. Judge not, lest ye be judged."

No longer a stripling, but filled out and strikingly handsome, Samuel David Hawkins before he left for China scoffed at a suggestion from a correspondent that some of the group had been "bought."

"Don't the people realize that each of us had about \$5,000 in back pay which he could have collected if he went back?"

Hawkins also protested what he called the "prosecution and persecution of Dickenson" who had left the group, citing court martial charges which were then being prepared against him.

His mother said at that time that she believed that without divine help, her son would stay with the Communists.

"But with God's help there is no Iron Curtain," she added. "If their god is stronger than my God, they can keep him.

22 STAYED

Under God's
see David now
here in this
there."

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atter off in prison
freedom, over

923.5/p 282

22 Stayed

923.143/B 938

Hitler: a study in
tyranny

Pfc. William C. White, of Plumerville, Ark.

born May 9, 1930, enlisted March 17, 1948

2nd Division, captured November 30, 1950

Negro, Protestant, 4th year high, average I.Q.

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, White informed on his fellow prisoners, willingly accepted Communist ideology, and tried to influence other prisoners to accept Communism. Among his rewards was the position of mailman.

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THE few that remember him are puzzled—but not many remember him. His mother and his teachers are “crushed”; it wasn’t like him.

For the first time in his life, William C. White of Plumerville, Ark., population 550, is a member of a group. This might be cause for rejoicing except that the group happens to be the American prisoners of war who turned their backs on their country and headed for China with their Red captors.

“Kind of indifferent,” a boy who grew up with him, called him. “Between lessons he’d go off and sit by himself. If anyone came near him, he’d just move farther off. Never made no fuss about it. Just wanted to be by himself.”

“A good worker,” said a white farmer, who hired him every summer to work his cotton and corn. “Not one of those rowdy niggers. You couldn’t find a nicer boy.”

“He was a likeable youngster,” said one of his teachers, “never in trouble with anyone, in or out of school.”

Folks in Plumerville are even more puzzled by the statement he made just before he left for China than by his decision to stay with the Reds. He said then:

“I have been in prison for three years, and for the first time in my life, I have seen complete equality for men of all races and colours who worked together and played together. When I see things like this I am reminded of what happened to me in my own country where as children, I and other Negro boys, were whipped by policemen because we didn’t take off our hats to them.”

There aren’t any policemen in Plumerville. No one remembers William being whipped by anyone for anything. His

mother, Mrs. Mattie Lee Gorman, said she didn't know what he was talking about.

"I never heard of him being whipped by a policeman. He's just saying what he's been made to say, that's all."

His mother and his stepfather, Walter Gorman, are well thought of in Plumerville, a hamlet some fifty miles from Little Rock, Arkansas' capital. They pay their bills regularly and aren't "in" to the local store.

Gorman works for the railroad, an off again, on again job, and Mrs. Gorman supplements his income by working in a rural garment factory.

Plumerville is a farm village set in the midst of rich bottom-land that produces a good crop of cotton and corn land soya beans. There are not many trees and the sun shines down relentlessly. The back roads are dusty on the rises and pools of water in the dips. The Negro quarter where the Gormans live lies along a dirt road on a ridge back of the main road. Just before the road reaches the Gorman home, it dips and the ford looked too much for my rented car, so I got out and walked. No one was at home in the neat white painted cottage and neighbours directed me to the garment factory where Mrs. Gorman works.

I talked to her during her lunch hour at the factory, where she is one of a long row of women at machines, stitching the seams of men's work slacks. Mrs. Gorman is strong and young-looking, usually good-natured and serene, but now she was worried and puzzled.

"I don't understand it at all," she told me. "He never wrote me about wanting to stay over there. Never wrote about anything like that. He wrote some funny letters but always he talked about coming home."

Mrs. Gorman divorced William's father before the boy was a year old and remarried soon afterward.

"My mother raised him until he was five," Mrs. Gorman told me. "But she lived down the road a piece and I saw him every day. After that he lived sometimes with her and sometimes with us."

His grandmother is dead now, she added. He got along well with his two younger half brothers and his half sister,

she thought—"the girl was my favourite." He was a good boy who liked to go to school and did pretty well there. His nickname was "W.C." and he didn't have any special friends that she could remember.

He wanted to study medicine and be a doctor, his mother remembered, but he left high school with a semester to go before graduation to enlist in the army in March of 1948. I guess he went in because he thought he could study medicine under the G.I.

"He didn't write any of those letters about Communism," Mrs. Gorman said. "I don't know what this is all about. I've been wondering what is this Communism. And I've been wondering if he don't want to come home, why he can't write me and tell me so right out."

William went to a four-room segregated Negro school on the outskirts of Plumerville. The teachers who were there at the time, and the young principal who had been a classmate of his, admit that they never really knew the boy. At high school he is not even remembered.

At the combination filling station and general store near the Gorman home, the owners had nothing but praise for the Gormans and for William White.

"They've been trading here for more than eight years and they never buy what they can't afford and they always pay their bills. William was a pretty nice and intelligent boy, like his mother and stepfather. He loved to hunt and fish but he never got in any trouble."

That is, not until he enlisted in the army in March of 1948. He went into Korea with the 2nd Division and fought through the early phases of the war, the early defeats, the illusionary victory and then the great retreat when the Chinese hordes were thrown into battle. He was captured on December 1, 1950, and had been a prisoner for more than three years when he went off to China.

He didn't mix in prison any better than he had at home, returned prisoners-of-war said. But there were always prison walls to keep him from moving further away when he wanted to be alone.

And the Chinese Communists knew how to turn to their

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own uses his sense of being an outsider even in his own home where everyone carried a different name than he did and where he hadn't grown up anyway.

Cpl. Harold H. Webb, of Jacksonville, Fla.

born September 12, 1931, enlisted August 2, 1949

2nd Division, captured December 1, 1950

Protestant, 9th grade, low average I.Q.

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, Webb informed on fellow prisoners, wrote propaganda articles, made Communist-propaganda posters, circulated petitions, made propaganda broadcast recordings, and became a member of the "Kremlin Club." His rewards included elevation to the post of camp librarian.

I 4

EIGHT years ago a skinny, undernourished kid named Harold Webb was attending eighth grade classes at the Westgate Junior High School in a suburb of West Palm Beach—attending them but little more. He didn't like school. He came only to play football, for which he had a passion so strong that he braved beatings with a window sash, beatings that left raw open welts across his back, to continue playing.

"He was skinny but he was strong and tough as a piece of whipcord," a teacher who knew him in those days and saw the welts on his back, told me. "He made up his mind he was going to play football and he did. When I saw his name in the paper as one of the twenty-two who were going to stay over there I tried to figure out in my mind why he had done so. He was a good boy. But he didn't have anything to come home for. Anything they offered him would be better than what he had."

Six years ago Harold Webb enlisted in the army and a year or so later he was captured in the winter rout. In January of 1954, still skinny and undernourished, he told reporters at Panmunjon,¹ before he left for China, that he wanted his father and sister to know that he was very happy.

"I hope they will understand," he said. "If they don't now I hope they will in the future."

His father has disappeared. His sister Katherine, who at twenty-two, is happily married, with three children including twins, doesn't understand. She and her husband, a veteran of World War II who also saw peacetime service in Korea, had set aside a room in their attractive West Palm Beach home for her brother.

A gentle, pretty girl, who didn't want to talk about her brother, she couldn't quite bring herself to turn me away. She was seeking some clue in her own mind and asked for details of the lives of the others.

When I told her about Richard Corden who had been beaten by his father with the buckle end of a belt, she began to cry softly. She wiped her tears away and sat up straighter. She seemed to come to some decision.

"My brother went to school over there in Westgate," she said. "He lived with my father for a time after my mother and grandmother died."

I knew she expected me to find the story she could not bring herself to tell, the story of the boy who went to school with welts on his back.

Harold was born in Jacksonville, Fla., in 1931. Both his parents were native Floridians. Mrs. Webb had been one of the three pretty sisters, brought up by a stepmother who continued to care for them as her own after their father died.

After the girls were grown, the second Mrs. Hunter married Irving Carpenter and the two were acting as caretakers for an estate. Mrs. Webb brought her two children there to live. She turned to her stepmother when her marriage broke up.

The beautiful broad lawns of the estate stretch down to the St. Johns River and Harold and Katherine played on the banks and roamed through the semi-tropical glades. They went to school at nearby Loretto. These were halcyon days. But they were not to last. Mrs. Webb had never been well, but her death was a sudden shock. Her stepmother survived her for only a few months. The children were separated, Katherine going to an aunt in West Palm Beach and Harold to his father who was working off and on as a carpenter.

Harold's school record had been poor at Loretto and it was worse at Westgate. He had failed two subjects in the ninth grade and had been absent ten days when he dropped out of school in 1947 not long before he was sixteen. He went on his own then, getting a job first with a Venetian blind company in West Palm Beach and then with a sheet metal company in Miami. In the spring of 1949 he came up to Fort Pierce, Fla., and stayed with an aunt, Mrs. Evelyn Klipstein. He worked

part time for a sign company, tried to enlist in the navy and failing that, enlisted in the army in August, a month before his eighteenth birthday.

He was in the ill-fated 2nd Division and was made a prisoner on December 1, 1950, when the Chinese infiltrated a roadblock guarding the general withdrawal of his regiment. Returned prisoners-of-war who knew him in camp remember him as a boy who stayed to himself, "a strange one," an early progressive but not a particularly strong one.

His letters home were fairly cheerful and had little propaganda in them. He wrote his aunt in December of 1952, after he had been a prisoner for two years, that he was "still the same old guy that left home three years ago; there's only one change and that is that I'm not a kid any more. I'm a man now with a few thousand miles under my feet."

He assured his aunt that he was "still not a drinking man" and that there was nothing to worry about, "just keep your fingers crossed and I'll be home soon."

He spoke of a big fishing trip he would take with his uncle when he got home and then wrote:

"Well, I guess I'd better close for now for I'm running out of space to write. Say, before I close, how about sending me some pictures of the family. Say, tell Mary Ann (a neighbourhood girl) to send me some pictures too that is if she doesn't mind.

Say, I'm sorry I won't be able to spend this Christmas with you but maybe I'll be there for the one next year. I wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

The next Christmas he was in the neutral compound in Panmunjon. His sister was not prepared for the shock of finding out that he wouldn't return. She felt sure he was being kept against his will. Her husband laid daring plans for a blood and thunder forced rescue.

"If I just could have got over there," he said, "I know that section backward and forward and you can do anything in Korea with a little money. I'd have got him out of that camp and back home."

"We wanted him to live with us," Katherine added. "Why he's never seen the children. He was such a cute little boy

himself, with his slanted black eyes and dark hair. We taught him to call himself 'Little Jap'."

As he prepared to leave for the interior of China, Webb made the usual statement:

"Here I can speak freely for world peace. I can't do that in America as Dickenson has already found out (he had just been held for court martial) and as Batchelor will find out. They didn't try Dickenson until after it was all over because they thought they could fool us and get others of us to come back."

His sister received a New Year's message from him sent by radio and mail, but otherwise there has been no word from him since he made his decision not to return to his home and country.

Pfc. Clarence Adams, of Memphis, Tenn.

born January 4, 1929, enlisted 1947

24th Division, captured December 1, 1950

Negro, Protestant, 3rd year high average I.Q.

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, Adams voluntarily collaborated with his captors and used his efforts and influence to urge fellow prisoners to accept Communism. He circulated petitions prepared by the Communists to further their war aims and he urged other prisoners to sign them. He attended special classes in political economy. He was an informant to the Chinese on activities of loyal Americans held prisoners. As a reward for his efforts he was selected by the Chinese to be a librarian.

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IF I don't get back, you'll know I've done my best," Clarence (Skippy) Adams wrote to his mother from the front lines in Korea in the fall of 1950, just about the time he would have been mustered out from his three-year enlistment if there hadn't been a war on.

Skippy didn't get back. Did he do his best? No one who knew the quiet, lonely, delicate boy when he was growing up in Memphis, Tenn., doubts that he did—even though the reason he didn't get back was because he was one of those who refused repatriation.

They don't pretend to understand how Skippy got to the point of no return. They just go by what they knew of him at school, at work and at play, a kid who tried to the limits of his capacities, who never got in trouble in his life, who always wanted to do his best—to do better than his best.

Like the two other Negro prisoners-of-war who didn't come back, Clarence made a bitter statement at Panmunjon about "race prejudice and segregation."

However much he might have felt such bitterness in his childhood, it had never been obvious to those who knew him best.

"Those words were not Skippy's," said one of his teachers. "He didn't leave Memphis with any of those feelings. The average coloured boy faces up to segregation and accepts it and goes on about his business."

His mother, Mrs. Gladys Peoples, too, discounted the effects of race prejudice. "Skippy encountered less of it than the average coloured boy," she told me. "He grew up in a white neighbourhood and played with white boys as a child."

His high school teachers did not agree. They felt that the race situation could not but affect Clarence or any other Negro.

Clarence's childhood home was a tenant house on the old "Coward Place," a pre-Civil war mansion which has been engulfed by the city. His mother remarried when he was not yet two years old and although his stepfather "couldn't have been nicer to him," the boy was conscious that he was an outsider in the family. He was the only one with the Adams name.

Since his was the only Negro family in the area, there were none but white boys with whom he could play. He did not go to school with them, but to the nearest segregated Negro school.

As a result he had no close pal, no friend that he carried on with from home to school or school to home.

"He was a wonderful kid," a former neighbour reminisced sadly. "Everybody liked him. He was amenable as can be, never any trouble to anyone."

His mother thought he had always been a good boy with a strong conscience. He helped around the house, did dishes and straightened up his own room and when he was old enough, worked after school as a dishwasher in local hospitals.

"When he was little, if I scolded him he would say, 'I did it, Toosie, but I'm going to do better.' When he did do anything wrong, he cried so hard while you were cutting the switch that you didn't hardly use it on him."

He never got into fights with other boys, nor was he picked on. As a child his favourite occupation was to play Tarzan and swing from limb to limb of the big trees in the yard of the Coward Place but as he grew older he took an interest in boxing.

School was no problem at first but times came when he begged for a "day off," although he never played hooky "without permission."

"He was a sweet boy," his fourth grade teacher said, "the kind of child you fell for at first sight. But it was hard to draw him out. He was shy and quiet, easily influenced, not at all aggressive and nearly always alone."

When he was ten, Clarence was seriously ill with high blood pressure and an oedema from which he recovered slowly. His teachers thought that he never enjoyed really good health from then on.

His fifth grade teacher felt he was over-shadowed by his four brilliant young half-sisters—he was the only boy.

“One of them caught up to him in school,” she told me. “And they were all well adjusted and unusually bright. Clarence had to work hard for every grade he got and he did work hard. Too hard. He was over anxious to get his lesson right and was on the verge of tears when he didn’t.”

Other teachers thought he was “too quiet,” “too meek,” that it was hard to get him to “express an opinion on anything.” At the Booker T. Washington High School, which his mother had also attended, it was the same at first. But he grew restless and bored with school; his mother worried over his attitude and had many conferences with school officials.

“He thought maybe if he got away from school and went into the army he would do much better when he came out,” Mrs. Peoples told me. “That’s why I agreed to his enlistment.”

Clarence enlisted in September of 1947. Three years later when his enlistment would have been up he was in the fighting lines in Korea with the 24th Division, the first United States forces to be sent in against the North Koreans. He went through the early defeats, the “victory march” to the Yalu and the first brushes against the Chinese in October. Capture came during the disastrous retreat when the Chinese put their full forces into the field right after Thanksgiving. Clarence was reported missing on December 1.

It was some time before Mrs. Peoples heard from her son, but soon afterwards she was not only hearing from him but from strangers all over the world and being bombarded with pamphlets and copies of Communist newspapers.

Mrs. Monica Felton, former Parliamentary Labour member, was allowed by the Chinese to visit the prison camps during the long drawn-out peace conferences and she wrote that Clarence, whom she called “the son of an oppressed mother in Memphis,” was “taking part in the peace movement and discussions.”

Still Mrs. Peoples was not prepared for the news that her son was not coming home.

Clarence had taken an active part in the affairs of his church, the Metropolitan Baptist, and was a church member.

He attended Sunday School regularly and in his teens joined the Men's Bible Class. From prison camp he wrote a letter to the pastor, the Reverend S. A. Queen, asking for prayers for peace; it was read to the congregation.

But neighbours and members of the congregation felt that the whole family had been perhaps a little aloof from their church and from other community groups. There were some who thought their attitude snobbish.

The Peoples family now live in a neat little house of their own in a new Negro development on the outskirts of Memphis. Mrs. Peoples works as a laundry checker and evenings baby sits with one of her daughter's children.

Clarence's picture in uniform is on top of the piano in the nicely furnished living room. It is the only home I visited where there was a piano. Mrs. Peoples is small and trim, well dressed and well spoken.

She is not impressed by the barrage of Red propaganda she was still receiving long after her son went behind the Iron Curtain, from as far away as Czechoslovakia, nor by the letters she got from returned prisoners-of-war who swallowed the Communist line. Nor does she believe that her son is a Communist.

"They must have doped them or used hypnosis," she said, "then got them to do something they wouldn't have done otherwise. Then the boys would be afraid to come back for fear of punishment. They never let them hear any of the good side of the news but just what they wanted them to hear. I wrote him and tried to keep him abreast of what was really happening but they didn't let him get but two of my letters."

All of her son's letters spoke of what he wanted to do "when he got home," she said, "and then they stopped coming."

"His heart wasn't in it, wasn't in staying over there," she said. "He couldn't write me and tell me he wasn't coming home."

Mrs. Peoples and one of her daughters journeyed to Chicago to make a recording to send to Clarence but, like the others, it was never heard by him.

Since May of 1953 she has heard directly from him once, a

message dated December 31 and received January 20 saying:

Wish family a bright future in the coming year. In best health.

Love, Skippy.

Peiping Radio has since quoted him as saying he was "confident that my future in China will be as bright as my new suit," when he and the other men went into civilian clothes.

A returned prisoner-of-war, himself a progressive, who knew him in Camp V, the camp for progressives, expressed his surprise that Clarence had stayed behind.

"He was not a strong progressive," his fellow prisoner said, "You wouldn't have thought he would even have thought about staying. He was usually a calm and quiet boy, but sometimes could be quick and changeable. He jumped on me one day when we were digging an air raid trench. I suggested that we dig deeper. He said if he felt like that—that our own men would bomb us—he wouldn't go back to the States."

Other Negroes with whom I talked felt they were saved by two things. One was that plenty of them had been "gone over" by Communists at home before they enlisted and had reached the point of disillusionment. Those that knew "wised up the rest of us." The other was the high-pressure tactics that back-fired. "They told us there wasn't any segregation in Communist countries and then they segregated us, put the Negroes all together in Camp V."

Because Clarence held aloof from his fellows, these factors did not count so much with him. Late in February of 1954, Peiping Radio quoted him from behind the Iron Curtain as saying "with strong emotion" as he arrived in Manchuria, that he had "racial equality" for the first time in his life. There has been no word of him since then.

Pfc. Arlie H. Pate, of East Carondelet, Ill.

born November 3, 1931, enlisted Jan. 12, 1949

7th Division, captured December 2, 1950

Baptist, 9th grade, average I.Q.

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, Pate's willingness to cooperate with the Communists resulted in his appointment to the staff of the camp newspaper. He circulated petitions, wrote articles for the Communist publication Toward Truth and Peace, made recordings for propaganda purposes and informed on prisoners who attempted to escape or who refused to accept Communism. His rewards included better food and clothing, better medical care and a large degree of freedom.

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IF I raised my voice it was like hitting him with a whip." Hersel Lillis, manager of the Broadhead Motor Company in East St. Louis, Ill., was talking of Arlie Pate, who grew up in the levee country of southern Illinois.

"Arlie walked in one day when he was sixteen and asked for a job," Lillis, a big, bluff, friendly man told me. "He looked like he needed work and we needed a boy so we took him on. He was a good worker. There was nobody around here who didn't like him. But I soon found out that when I went looking for him I would have to be careful or I would scare him."

Arlie's job was with the parts department. He drove a truck on short errands, picking up parts. He was a little "slow" and "we would have to write down each of the stops we wanted him to make," his immediate superiors recalled. But he "didn't try to make time on the job like a lot of others." He earned \$25 a week and gave half of it to his mother.

"Arlie was a big, good-looking boy who was bound to fill out and get bigger," Lillis told me. "When he enlisted he came down to see us and show off his uniform. He was real proud of it. He hadn't seen much in his life but poverty and hard times. He enlisted because he wanted to see the world, he said, but all he saw was the Korean battlefields, and a prison stockade. He was the last kid in the world you'd pick for a Communist—and yet I can see that he would probably believe anything they told him."

In East Carondelet, Arlie's sister Goldie, now Mrs. Cecil Sloan, with three attractive young children of her own, lives across the way from the makeshift house where she and Arlie

grew up. She agreed that life had been kind of bleak when she and Arlie were youngsters.

"Our clothes were ragged and we were on relief and the other kids picked on us a lot," she told me as she spooned cereal into the baby, Arlene. "For myself, I didn't mind too much. I got along all right. But Arlie minded. He didn't fight back; he took it to heart. Every day he came straight home from school to get away from it."

For Arlie, it was the last straw when a new pair of slacks he had worked hard to buy were stolen from his locker at high school while he was in gym class, two hard-earned dollars taken from the pockets and the slacks stuffed down the drain.

"He got the slacks back," Mrs. Sloan said, "but by then they were unfit to wear. And he never found the \$2. That was when he quit school. I tried my best to talk him out of it, but I couldn't. Later he was sorry and that was one reason he went in the army. He wasn't a happy kid. My father wasn't well and he didn't get along with him."

On their new farm, nine miles down dirt roads from Carbon-dale, Ill., Arlie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Howard Pate, told me how they had never expected Arlie would go into battle when they signed for his enlistment at seventeen, in 1949.

It was late in the afternoon when I set out to find the Pate place. It had rained for three days and the back roads were slippery ruts. I had the usual country directions. "Turn left, then go past the church and turn right at the next fork, then left, then cross a creek," and so on. As the miles slid by I began to feel lost but I passed a car at the side of the road and asked if this was the way to the Pate farm.

"It sure is the way but I don't know if you can make it," was the answer.

There were several times when I was sure he was right, but I got through to the last hill and there I began slipping back two feet for every one I could advance. On the top of the hill a boy sat on a horse.

"Go back," he shouted, "go back to the bottom of the hill."

I obeyed and he galloped down and showed me where I could turn.

"Where you trying to go?" he asked.

"I'm looking for the Pate place," I said.

"I'm Donald," he said. "It's right up here," he pointed. He led the way and I followed through the fields.

On the way up to the comfortable seven-room farmhouse, I found out that my guide was Donald Pate, aged fourteen, and that he had a twin named Ronald. When I left, as darkness was settling down over the empty lonely landscape, Donald piloted me back to my car, and sheer luck got me to the highway.

Arlie has never seen the farm, and though it was his oft-repeated ambition to have a family farm, he didn't even know it had been taken over by the family when he made his "decision" to stay with the Chinese Reds.

Arlie's parents can't account for what happened to their son. The statements he made in televised interviews and to reporters before he left for the interior of China just don't make sense to them.

"I thought I understood Arlie," said his mother, small, plump and very tired, as she sat in the dimly lit living room, seven of her nine living children around her. "Anybody could understand him.

"He didn't have any close friends," she added, "and played mostly with his sister. He wasn't allowed to fight and he didn't. He minded mighty good and if he couldn't have what he wanted he accepted it, gave up."

His father said that Arlie didn't like to do things by himself, "he liked to work with the other fellow."

Growing up he played mostly with his brothers and sisters, but Goldie was always his favourite. He helped around the house and shared whatever he had and was a "good boy who went to Sunday School and church." He never got into trouble. Neither politics nor Communism was ever discussed at home and when he left for Korea, his folks felt, he knew nothing about either.

Arlie's family have lived in southern Illinois, in the coal mining area chiefly not far from the new farm, for four generations. On his mother's side his great grandfather, John Kelley, was a Baptist minister, reputed able "to put the fear of God in any man." From prison camp Arlie wrote that when he got

back home he'd like "to do the same thing grandfather did."

Arlie was born in an old company house in a rundown mine district near Herrin, notorious for disasters and labour-management troubles in the late twenties. His father worked the mines there until he was laid off because of his epilepsy.

Before Arlie was school age, the family moved to East Carondelet. This is river bottom country, levee country, where the Mississippi floods every few years despite the levee.

When that happens the families are evacuated to the high school at nearby Dupo—the school Arlie attended a short time—and the Red Cross sets up cots in the school and feeds and cares for the refugees. Sometimes the Red Cross has a hard time getting them to go back to their mud-encrusted homes when the floodwaters go down, because life has been so much easier and pleasanter.

Arlie is remembered in grammar school as "well-mannered," a boy who was never a discipline problem, docile, a follower with no push. Of average I.Q. he didn't do well in school at first, but by sixth grade was closer to the class average. He was silent and melancholy, a boy who was never chosen by his classmates for anything, who didn't make friends or have a girl, despite his good looks.

All during his school days his family was on relief—"aid for dependent children." Teachers felt that all the children were timid and felt inferior because of their hand-me-down clothes.

Arlie's father built a house out of savings from the relief payments and old lumber they picked up, which led to the first stroke of good luck the family ever had. He was able to trade the house for the sixty-two-acre farm they now have—but this was after Arlie was in prison camp.

When Arlie quit high school he first went to stay with his grandmother on her farm not far from where his family is now living. He did odd jobs and was happy there. Neighbours remember him as a "likely" boy who didn't "drink, smoke or swear." He left the farm reluctantly and went to East St. Louis to get his job with the motor company because he knew how much his family needed his help.

After he enlisted he came home on leave once in the spring of 1950 and then was shipped to Tokyo. He sent home pictures

of himself cheek to cheek with a Japanese girl, the first girl he had ever had. Then came June 25, 1950. Arlie went into the line with the 7th Division, after the Inchon landings in September. He was reported missing on December 2 as his division was fighting its way to a beach-head on the coast to be taken out by ship, as it had been landed.

In his letters home he mentioned the good treatment he was getting—"We're treated so wonderfully over here"—and the good meals, including pork and fish as well as maize and rice. Some of the letters didn't sound like him, his family said. But he also wrote about his longing to come back and work on a farm and of how he prayed that he would get back. In one single letter he referred seven times to coming home.

He wrote his mother that he would be released "as soon as a peace treaty is signed and a democratic line established at the 38th parallel." But he also said:

"Tell Viola (his sister) to write and tell me how she is getting along and if she doesn't I will take care of her when I get home. Tell Daniel I was sorry I was not able to be at their wedding and tell him that when I get home I will make it up to him."

Still, when he was "tapped" to be one of the group that would refuse repatriation, there were plenty of angles for the Chinese to twist against him.

When he was interviewed at Panmunjon just before he disappeared behind the Iron Curtain, Arlie said:

"It is impossible to fight for peace in the United States. Anyone who tries to fight for peace will be prosecuted and even put to death. The Rosenbergs spoke out for peace and look what the United States government did to them."

"The Rosenbergs were convicted on a charge of treason as atomic spies," a correspondent put in, "and executed upon conviction. But you say they were executed because they spoke out for peace."

"The treason was a trumped-up charge," Arlie declared. "The only thing they were guilty of was speaking out for peace. Now they are trying to try ex-President Truman on House Un-American Committee charges."

Arlie got that last from the same source as his information about the Rosenbergs. Like most, if not all, of the rest his

ignorance of politics and especially of Communism had been complete.

East Carondelet folks who saw him on television said he talked and acted like a complete stranger—"not the same boy that left here."

And his sister Goldie said wistfully, "People were kinder to Arlie when this happened."

Cpl. Howard Gayle Adams, of Corsicana, Tex.

born May 29, 1925, Bronze Star for heroism World War II, re-enlisted August 31, 1948

24th Division captured, January 1, 1951

Baptist, 3½ years college, average I.Q.

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, Adams quickly became a willing follower of the Communist ideology and attempted to influence other prisoners to accept Communism. He collaborated with his captors by making recordings for broadcast, writing propaganda articles for camp newspapers, circulating petitions and urging fellow prisoners to sign them, and kept Communist authorities informed of activities of other prisoners. As a part of the rewards tendered him, Adams was appointed by the Chinese to serve on a mess committee.

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IN 1945, Howard Gayle Adams of Corsicana, Tex., was given the Bronze Star for his courage in combat in the Asiatic-Pacific theatre.

In 1954, he was given a dishonourable discharge for his refusal to accept repatriation as one of the American prisoners-of-war who stayed with their Red captors.

Gayle, as he was known in this home town, was a serious-minded youth who tried hard to live up to his own high standards. It is revealing that his citation for the Bronze Star reads: "For exemplary conduct on the field of battle." His conduct had always been exemplary.

"I would have been happier if he had broken over the traces now and then," one of his teachers said. "When boys are boys, you are reassured."

That Gayle had wanted to do so on occasions, even if he never did, was revealed in a letter he wrote to his teacher from prison camp:

"When I first took English, I didn't like it, or you either, but I have come to know how important what you tried to teach me is."

Gayle is the oldest of three boys. His father, J. H. Adams, was an oil field worker during the years the boys were growing up and he was seldom at home. At present he is living in Houston while Mrs. Adams still lives in Corsicana, working at a nursing home.

Raising her three boys was a struggle for Mrs. Adams, who has earned the respect and affection of all who know her in Corsicana.

"I don't know how she managed on what she could get

together," a friend told me. "It was a meagre existence. But she managed. She kept the boys in school and she kept them going to Sunday School and she got them every place on time. She took an active interest in welfare work even when she was living on the edge of a wealthy section of town and all the other women had fine clothes and cars. Her whole life was dedicated to her boys. She is a wonderful woman."

Corsicana is one of the wealthier Texas towns with a two-fold oil boom background. Back in 1897 the first shallow fields were found. Again in 1920 the town boomed when deep fields were discovered. They are still pumping oil around Corsicana but the town's wealth is based also on the cotton harvested from the nearby "black land belt" and from stock raising. There is a sharp cleavage between the rich and the poor, who are mostly tenant farmers and labourers who wander away when the work falls off.

Life on the tenant farms, such as the one Gayle Adams' family rented during part of his boyhood, can be bleak and lonely. I spent most of a day on one waiting in vain for a former fellow prisoner of Gayle's to return home. His young wife, who had cleaned and polished the sparsely furnished, rugless, four-room tenant house to a high brilliance, was glad of company. Her nearest neighbour was more than two miles away down rutted, unshaded roads and her husband had the car.

"I expected him home for dinner," she told me when I first came, but as the day waned she admitted they had quarrelled and she didn't know when he'd be home. We started out in search of him then, missing him by an hour or so every place we trailed him. I brought her back to her neighbour's home, gayer now because of the outing. I still don't know if or when her husband came back. They had no phone.

Tracing Mrs. Adams, who had moved recently, was just as difficult. The end of the trail, there, was at a hospital where she was a patient with pneumonia. She wasn't talking about her son to anyone any more—not since the last days of grace had come and gone for Gayle.

When Gayle was growing up the family moved often and the boys went to several different schools in Corsicana and

the surrounding area. For a while they lived on a farm near a village called Blooming Grove, a few miles out of town. It was described as "the poorest piece of land in a section where the land generally is as poor as you can find."

It was at that time that Gayle's father, one one of his rare visits home, bought a pedigree Jersey bull. The boys had to lead the bull up and down the highway to get enough grass to keep it alive. It didn't win the blue ribbon at the fair that Adams had counted on, and Gayle took the blame.

At his school, though his I.Q. was rated as average and he "put out the utmost effort," it wasn't enough and he had to repeat subjects at summer school frequently in order to keep up with his class. His teachers called him a polite, cooperative, responsible boy, silent and hard to know, who just accepted the fact when he was a loser.

He took little interest in sports or school activities. He came to every school function, but "as a spectator not as a participant." This was in sharp contrast to his younger brother Lloyd, who had an infectious gaiety and was in on everything, even to doing all the drawings for the school annual.

In 1942 Gayle went into the army for the first time and was sent to the Pacific where he won his Bronze Star. When he was mustered out at the end of the war, he enrolled in the new Junior College set up for G.I.'s at Corsicana. Again he didn't do well, nor did he take part in campus life.

"He felt he was an outsider socially," one of his instructors said. "He got along well enough with his classmates though he wasn't popular and he had no girl. He was meek and quiet because he felt that was the role set for him. But he resented not having more, both financially and in ability to learn. He wanted to do well."

Although his grades were poor, under relaxed Texas requirements for returned veterans, Gayle went on with his studies at the University of Houston, taking one full term and two summer sessions there and working as a lab. assistant in chemistry. He failed most of his courses.

In the summer of 1948 he re-enlisted in the army and was sent overseas with the 24th Division, the first to land in Korea.

Gayle was captured on New Year's Day, 1951, at the beginning of the second Chinese offensive.

He wrote letters home telling about how he had won a boxing match and had been given better clothes. He enclosed a picture of himself making a recorded propaganda broadcast for a Peiping radio station.

After hearing the broadcast repeated by local stations, Mrs. Adams wasn't "sure" that the voice was that of her son.

Two local boys who had known him in Corsicana and had been in prison camp with him as well both said he had been an early convert and there was no doubt that he was a progressive. Other prisoners-of-war said he seemed a much steadier, more earnest type than others of the twenty-two they had encountered.

A boy who went to school with him thought he had "maybe kind of radical ideas but not Communist" before he went overseas.

"I don't know how to say it but he was just different than the others. He wasn't a mixer. He came out once for football, but that didn't last."

His father was sure his son was "just kidding the Reds. I have a feeling that he's just trying to outsmart them." His mother refused to comment.

"Like the rest," said Howard Gayle Adams as he prepared to go to China. "I am determined to fight for peace but I cannot fight for peace where there is no freedom of speech."

THE 22 WHO STAYED



Cpl. Albert C. Belhomme
of Ashland, Pa.



Cpl. Scott Leonard Rush
of Akron, O.



Pfc. William C. White
of Plumerville, Ark.



Two photographs of Andrew M. Condrion of Bathgate, Scotland. On the left he is in his uniform as a Marine in the 41st Independent Commando, on the



Pvt. James G. Veneris
of Vandergrift, Pa.



Pfc. William A. Cowart
of Dalton, Ga.



Cpl. Andrew Fortuna
of Detroit, Mich.



Cpl. Harold H. Webb
Jacksonville, Fla.





Pfc. Samuel David Hawkins
of Oklahoma City, Okla.



Pfc. Aaron P. Wilson
of Urania, La.



Pfc. Lewis W. Griggs
of Neches, Tex.



Cpl. LaRance Sullivan
of Santa Barbara, Calif.





Sgt. Richard G. Corden
of Providence, R.I.



Pfc. Lowell Denver Skinner
of Akron, O.



Pfc. John R. Dunn
of Baltimore, Md.



Pfc. Otho G. Bell
of Hillsboro, Miss.



Pvt. Richard R. Tenneson
of Alden, Minn.



Cpl. Rufus Elbert Douglas
of Texon, Texas

Cpl. Rufus Elbert Douglas, of Texon, Texas

born March 21, 1927, re-enlisted March 19, 1949

2nd Division, captured January 1, 1951

Protestant, one semester college, average I.Q.

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, Douglas wrote articles for the Communists, made propaganda broadcasts, read Communist books, attended classes organized for the study of Communism, and informed on his fellow prisoners. As a reward, he was given better living quarters and better food and was chosen as a member of a mess committee. The Chinese also showed their confidence in him by giving him other duties connected with recreation, mail and sanitation.

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THERE were tears in the girl's eyes and she blinked to clear them away.

"We picked on him," she said. "We made fun of him. We just made life miserable for him. Why? I don't know. He was just a little old country boy and he didn't know how to act. It gets me now. If we had been a little nicer . . . if we had tried . . ."

She didn't know it then but Rufus Elbert Douglas, who seemed to have been born to be bedevilled, was not to do any better in his new surroundings than he had done back home. For Douglas there is not even the remote possibility of a second chance. He will never come home again. The Chinese announced in June 1954 that he had died of a "heart attack" somewhere in China.

There was no record of heart trouble of any sort in his medical history. It is unlikely that the true circumstances of his death will ever be known. But the conclusion is inescapable that the same qualities which caused him to be persecuted most of his life, qualities which made him fair game for the Reds, also made him most likely to get in trouble with his "hosts" behind the Iron Curtain.

Trouble dogged Elbert, as he was known growing up, from the time he was born. His father died when he was a baby. His mother remarried—unhappily. When he was eleven, she died too. His uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Howard, had promised her they'd take the boy and they did. They brought him to live with them in Texon, Tex., a dying company oil town on the edge of the west Texas fields.

Uncle Ben, who died while Elbert was overseas, was a tower

man at the Texan fields. He worked nights and didn't see too much of his nephew—"He was either working or asleep." Mrs. Howard said—and the raising of her sister-in-law's boy fell to her.

"He didn't give me the trouble my own girls did," Mrs. Howard assured me as we sat on the low front steps of the cottage on the outskirts of San Angelo where she now lives. "I never had to spank him. My husband never did either, though he threatened to once because he wouldn't defend himself against the other kids when they picked on him. The only fights he ever got into was because he was scared of his uncle."

Elbert's mother, Frances Howard, never completely recovered from the effects of a childhood fever, Mrs. Howard said, and never quite "grew up." She married Elbert's father when she was in her teens. Left alone with a young baby, she remarried. This marriage was desperately unhappy and Elbert made plans as a child about how he would revenge himself when he was grown.

"He wouldn't talk much about his stepfather," Mrs. Howard said. "He did tell me about a time when his mother got the better of the man for once and was able to grab his wrists and push him back onto a red-hot stove. I knew his stepfather had beaten him too, but I got him to promise me he'd leave the man alone."

In a broadcast from Peiping after he went behind the Iron Curtain, Elbert spoke of how in those days he was so poor he used to "go to the bakery and ask for stale broken bread, unfit for sale."

"Elbert took after his mother," Mrs. Howard said. "He was a big boy, six foot two when he was nineteen, with brown hair and blue eyes. He was a real healthy boy, too. Oh, he had a little puny spell there for a while but he wasn't ever really sick."

Texon, where the Howards lived when Elbert was growing up, sits drearily in the midst of a field of derricks—row on row of weather-beaten company houses, grass grows bravely only in spots, trees stunted and wispy. The field is almost worked out now, but some wells are still pumping and fires,

burning off the gas, flare here and there. The sulphur smell penetrates the area for miles around.

The town is off the highway and easy to miss unless you follow your nose. At the entrance is a sign: TEXON, PROPERTY OF THE BIG LAKE OIL COMPANY, WATCH OUT FOR CHILDREN.

Elbert couldn't play near home because his uncle was asleep during the day. But he was a great help around the house, his aunt said.

"I taught him to do housework, just like the girls," she said, "and he thanked me for teaching him after he got in the army. He said it sure did come in handy when he had to go on KP duty.

"He was just as good a kid as you'd find. Never gave us a bit of trouble. He hated a fuss or trouble. If he thought I got upset or mad at him, or if he thought he had done something that would make me mad, he would walk the floor he would be so nervous."

Although his fellow students considered that he wasn't "sharp" in anything but mathematics, his grades were better than average up to high school, with even some A's. However, he was two years behind his age group when he came to Texon and he never made it up.

When he was sixteen he started taking the bus to the Reagan County Consolidated High School at Big Lake, thirteen miles away, the area's metropolis. If he had been picked on before, here he was really in for it with the more sophisticated town students.

One of his English teachers said he showed his resentment in class; that he was a boy it was hard to like, who didn't like either his teachers or his classmates and wasn't liked by them.

"He was persecuted in school," she said, "made fun of invariably. His personal appearance was against him; he was sloppy and his hair was never combed. Somewhere along the line he had been badly mistreated. He thought the teachers had it in for him and he would rebel. But while he was antagonistic, he wasn't forceful."

His grades were mixed at high school. He got B's in Maths. and Science and he flunked English. "He wouldn't even try in English," one classmate said.

His classmates in general felt that they hadn't known him and it was on their conscience that they hadn't tried. In defence they pointed out that Elbert himself didn't try to be close to anyone.

Only once did anyone remember him telling anything about his own life or his family. He was on the edge of a group that was discussing accidents.

"When I was little I fell out of a third-story window," he said, suddenly entering the conversation.

"How did it happen? Where was your mother?" they asked him.

"She was in hospital with T.B." he replied. "She died."

There was a silence. No one knew what to say. Elbert shuffled away.

Just before his eighteenth birthday Elbert left school, his sophomore year not yet completed, to go into the army. That was the spring of 1945. World War II was still going on. He was discharged in December of 1946 and was the first of Reagan High's G.I.'s to return. He came back to school with advanced standing for maturity and experience in the army under Texas provisions for veterans. After attending for a year he went on, without a diploma, to Sul Ross State Teachers College in Alpine, Tex., under similar liberalized entrance requirements for veterans.

Elbert had played football for one season at Reagan—or most of one season. His coach said he was "one of those boys who is not with the group as a whole." He was quiet and reserved, "pretty aggressive at football but not one to go to extremes."

Classmates called him "big and clumsy," thought he had a "complex or something," maybe he was a little "shell-shocked" when he came back from the war.

"He felt left out of everything," said one, "and I guess he was. He didn't seem interested in girls. Didn't talk to them either."

But Bobby Reese, who spent a session with him at summer school making up part of the eighth grade, said he was "a good old boy, studied just enough to get along, but a steady

boy." And parents of his contemporaries in Texon all called him a "nice quiet boy."

At Sul Ross State Teachers' College, which in contrast to Texon is beautifully set in the mountains on the edge of the Big Bend country, Elbert stayed only one semester and is remembered but vaguely. He took three courses, flunked one, barely passed the other two. He gave up then and got taken on as a "roughneck" in the Odessa oil fields. The term covers a multitude of jobs, but Elbert most of the time drove a truck at \$40 dollars a week. After a short while he gave that up too and, without telling anyone, he re-enlisted in the army, in March of 1949. He went to Korea with the 2nd Division, was wounded in September of 1950, and was hardly back in the line before he was captured on New Year's Day, 1951, at the beginning of the second big Chinese offensive. He pleaded for letters from prison camp and although his aunt wrote him regularly he only got two of her letters. He was soon parroting the party line, particularly in the description of a holiday menu where he used the same adjectives describing a meal as those set out in a propaganda leaflet prepared by the Chinese People's Committee for World Peace. A copy of the leaflet was mailed to the San Angelo *Standard Times*, first in the country to receive one.

Before he left home, Elbert's interest in politics had been non-existent; his ignorance of Communism vast. His letters were a puzzle to his aunt. They stopped coming just before he became one of the twenty-two. Mrs. Howard never gave up hope during the period the group was allowed for changing its mind.

She recorded a plea to be sent to him, describing the new house in San Angelo and how she was alone in it now that his uncle was dead. There was a lot of bad news that had to go into the recording. His half sister had died, too.

"Hi, son," Mrs. Howard started out, "It has been a long time since I saw you and I am sorry you didn't get my letters. Since you left your uncle has died and I am all alone here . . . Elbert, I am sorry, but Alma is gone too. She went to California and got burned and passed away."

After listing the new babies born to his cousins, Mrs. Howard continued:

"Elbert, what took Uncle Ben was a cerebral hemorrhage. He had gone to work and he was sitting in his car by the dog-house and passed away as though he was asleep. He died at five in the afternoon and we didn't find him until 10.30. I laid him away in Rising Star Cemetery and someday I am going down there to live. I don't know yet. I sure am depending on you and hope you will come home soon.

"Alma was making a fire in California and the gas exploded, burning her awfully. I hope you get this real soon and will come home, I need you so bad."

Perhaps it was just as well that Elbert didn't hear that sad recital.

When correspondents were given a chance to question them en masse, the day before they left for China, Elbert had less to say than most of the twenty-two but it was out of the same copybook:

"I want to fight for world peace, too. But it is not possible in the U.S. That was proved by what happened to Dickenson."

Before leaving Texon, I talked to an oil field roughneck about Elbert. He squinted to that horizon interlaced with derricks as far as the eye could see and kicked at a clod. The smell of sulphur and the dust assailed your nostrils and clogged your throat.

"If anybody over there treated that boy decently," he said, "I don't blame him for staying. He sure never got a bit of good 'treatment here." Nor there, either, in the end.

Pfc. Lewis W. Griggs, of Neches, Tex.

born August 2, 1932, enlisted August 4, 1949

25th Division, captured April 25th, 1951

Baptist, 2 years high school average I.Q.

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, Griggs wrote articles for Chinese publications, tried to influence other prisoners by preaching Communism, circulated and signed peace petitions and voluntarily made propaganda recordings. He was an informer who collaborated with the Chinese in every way that would ingratiate himself to them. He was appointed to membership of a "peace committee."

Lewis Griggs was one of three Americans who in June, 1955, requested permission to leave China.

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NECHES, TEX., is a tiny farm community 120 miles from Dallas. Just before you reach it the plains give way to unexpected hills and trees provide a welcome shade. Its main street is the highway. The railroad station is on one side and the general store and a few houses on the other. A road behind the store leads up a gentle rise which you learn is known locally as "the mountain."

"Turn left and then you go all the way to the top of the mountain and the house will be on the right." I drove six miles looking for the mountain before I turned back and found it right behind the store.

It's a small frame house—the farm—where Lewis W. Griggs lived before he went into the army. It has a sign on it now: PRIVATE PROPERTY—NOT FOR SALE—KEEP OFF.

Lewis' father was an electrician, "did right well; worked for wages." He died while his son was in prison camp. Mrs. Griggs works as a nurse and lives in nearby Jacksonville with her remaining son.

Mention Lewis Griggs in Neches and they shake their heads. "He was a strange one," a neighbour reiterated. "He stood aloof. Didn't speak if he didn't care to. Town like this everyone knows everyone else. Speaks to everyone else. But he'd just go along with his head in the air. Wouldn't speak. Wouldn't even look at you.

"Well, now, maybe it wasn't my place, but I used to speak to him anyway, just to try to get him to talk."

As in many rural communities, most of the young people who were children here with Lewis have scattered and gone. Those that remain remember him as a "lone wolf."

"He didn't mix much with the other kids," one girl said. "His father was strict with him. Only place he could go was to church. He just wasn't like the rest of us."

The rural high school at Neches was consolidated with the city high school at Palestine and Lewis rode the bus eighteen miles to attend what turned out to be his last school session.

He was sixteen, big for his age, six foot two, and he played on the football squad, made the B team and got a letter. He got an 82 in algebra but barely passed his other courses, including a special course in U.S. and Texas Constitution, which is necessary for graduation.

"He had a nice smile but you seldom saw it," one teacher said. "He was a peculiar boy," said another.

Most teachers remembered him only vaguely but there was one who remembered him very well and thinks that "we didn't do everything we could have.

"He seemed to be a boy you couldn't reach," she said. "He was quiet, withdrawn, polite and bored. He was just there. He didn't do his work. He just came and that's all. He sat in the back of the room and I gave him an opportunity to move up front but he didn't want to. It would make him too prominent.

"He was physically mature for his age, not at all boyish. He came in and left the building not as a high school boy, but as a man. He gave me the feeling as I watched him from day to day that he felt this was all unnecessary. When I called on him he would give me a surprised look as if to say, 'Why is she bothering me?'

"He looked out of his eyes as if he had the weight of the world on him. I felt sorry for him; I wished I could do something for that boy.

"Perhaps I could have done something. Perhaps if I had given him some responsibility, he might have responded."

Although Lewis' family was considered well-off in Neches in the affluent town of Palestine, he was thought of as an underprivileged "rural" child. The town and rural children seldom mix well in these consolidated schools, and Lewis was no mixer anyway. He was never seen with anyone else around the halls of the school; "he never paid the slightest attention to girls in class or in the corridors."

He was absent a good deal from classes and after an incident on the school bus where some of the other students picked on him and teased him—no one remembers why or what about—he left high school. His family sent him to nearby Allen Military Academy, but he left there at the end of six weeks. The day after his seventeenth birthday he enlisted in the army.

Lewis became a stretcher bearer in a medical company in the 35th Regiment of the 25th Infantry which landed in Korea on July 13, 1950. His company took much of the brunt of the first North Korean victories and fought its way up towards the Yalu River when the tide was turned. It was in the disastrous withdrawal that came with the Chinese entry into the field. Lewis was captured April 25, 1951, when the United Nations forces were about to repulse the last major Chinese attack.

Palestine High School knew that Lewis had become a progressive. He wrote a letter addressed to the principal, D. N. Stewart, and the students of the school:

I am writing to you and the student body to urge your fullest cooperation in striving for a peaceful settlement of the Korean conflict. Do you realize that for the length of the Korean war, so referred to as a "police action," it has caused the U.S. more casualties than a like period in World War II? Can the American people allow such a war as this to continue without putting out a strong effort to stop it?

No one at Palestine thought that Lewis Griggs had written the letter.

"It's not the way an East Texas country boy from the red clay hills would write," they said.

His mother, a tall, spare woman with large, haunted blue eyes, has not talked about Lewis since he went behind the Iron Curtain January 28, 1954.

"I just don't want to discuss it," she said. "I don't want to be rude but I don't want to talk about it."

Earlier, she had told how her son had begged his parents to let him join the army, until they finally permitted him to when he was only seventeen. She refused to believe that he had become a Communist of his own will.

"He is only twenty-one," she said. "For the life of me I cannot understand it. Lewis loved his home and his country and if we can ever get him home I think we can all understand it. He wasn't brought up to be a Communist. He was raised in a Christian home. He was a member of the Baptist Church. He declared himself at a revival meeting in California before he went overseas. I believe he may have been forced to do this. All I want is to get him back home. I want to ask people to be patient with these boys so that when we can get them back home, they will change, if they ever have changed. I don't believe my boy is a Communist or has any Communistic leanings."

Later, Mrs. Griggs accused the Communists of using narcotics to distort her son's mind.

"I work in a hospital and I see every day how people react under the combination of fear and narcotics," she said.

There had been no letters from Lewis for over a year.

"After his father died, I wrote and told him I was going to sell the farm, but he wrote back and asked me to keep it for him until he got home. I can't believe he isn't coming home," she said.

Mrs. Griggs was one of the many mothers who hoped that she would be able to go over to Korea and talk to her boy herself. "I have confidence in the leaders we are sending to the Neutral Zone to talk to those boys, but if a mother can't touch her boy's heart, I don't know who can. The shock of the mothers showing up there could be effective . . . I'd like to take my hands and put them on my boy's head and hold his face in my hands. I don't believe my boy has turned Communist. He was a good, sweet boy and there's nothing wrong with him that couldn't be straightened out if he could come back home."

Returned prisoners of war who were in Camp III with Griggs are not so sure. "He was a peculiar egg," said one. "I felt kind of sorry for him," said another, "in spite of everything. I don't think he was quite right."

Just before he left for China with the rest, Griggs made the usual statement:

“My reason is very simple. No one can speak up for peace in a nation where the government is run by people like McCarthy, McCarran and Smith.”

Pfc. Morris R. Wills, of West Fort Ann, N.Y.

born May 3, 1933, enlisted July 27, 1950

2nd Division, captured May 18, 1951

Protestant, 2 years high school, I.Q. 106

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, Wills was active in Communist study groups, circulated peace petitions, made propaganda recordings for broadcast, and tried to persuade fellow prisoners to accept Communism. His rewards from the Communists included much attention and many favours and a large degree of freedom.

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TWO boys in uniform showed up at the Fort Ann High School dance in the fall of 1950, shortly after they had left school, shortly before they were to go to Korea.

"We had to ask them to leave," an instructor said regretfully, "because they had been drinking. They protested. They said they might never come back. And it almost came true for both of them."

One was severely wounded—and one was Morris Wills of West Fort Ann, N.Y., who stayed with the enemy and will never come back.

Village folk and farmers in this upland dairy community in the foothills of the Adirondacks were puzzled when they heard that one of their lads was among those who refused repatriation. They were shocked when they saw Morris on television the day the group left for the interior of China.

"He didn't look like himself" . . . "He was awfully fat." . . . "He seemed so nervous, pacing back and forth behind the others." "His eyes—he looked like a lost soul."

No one could explain why Morris should have been one of the twenty-two. Teachers and townsfolk alike had considered him a pretty average kid, bright enough, good-looking enough, likeable enough, if easily led and somewhat reticent and ingrown.

They didn't know that the farm boy had fallen in love with a Chinese nurse, daughter of a Communist general, while he was sick in a prison hospital and had married her. He didn't write about it in his letters home.

It is an interesting point that the three big crises in Morris' life had turned on illness. When he was three he had been

rushed to the hospital with a burst appendix. His mother felt that he had had a close brush with death and worried that he would not recover. From then until he went to school she kept him at her side, took him wherever she went, leaving even the younger children at home.

Then when he was eleven, his mother became seriously ill. She died a year later of cancer. Her death had a profound effect on the boy. His record in school which, up until then, had been better than average started to go down. He was restless at home and when his uncle, who had no sons, asked him to come down and stay with his family and do the chores, he agreed.

He spent about two years at his uncle's farm—the next one down the road from the home farm—returning every Sunday to be with his own brothers and sisters. His uncle, Jay Gilmore, is dead now. His aunt Katherine is annoyed at current gossip that the two quarrelled.

"They never did," she told me. "Wouldn't either one of them say nothing if they were mad so they couldn't hardly quarrel. If Morris didn't like a thing you wouldn't know it. He never was impudent or talked back. Nobody could get to him; he was kind of all by himself. Maybe he was more sensitive than we knew."

His aunt thought that Morris had enlisted because he didn't want to go to school, "but if the truth was known I'd say when the day came to go into the army he didn't want to any more."

Morris had been pretty close to his mother, Mrs. Gilmore agreed. "She ruled them all up there. And he was stubborn all right, like she was. But he did the chores pretty good. And he was a bright boy. Never brought a book home or studied while he was here, but he passed everything just the same."

An old friend of the family remembers how Mrs. Wills came to see them shortly after Morris' younger sister was born and how annoyed her mother was "because she wanted to hold the new baby and she brought Morris instead."

"Bessie Wills was a strong-minded woman," another old friend said. "She ruled the roost and I guess she needed to with them six young 'uns. But she sure set on little Morris. He was was the apple of her eye."

"Yes, he was Mama's favourite," his older sister Muriel, who has run the home since her mother's death, agreed. Muriel remembers Morris as a precocious child who walked at nine months and talked when he was a year old. He had asthma as a child and "might have felt misunderstood," she says, "but he never showed his feelings except to sulk.

"He used to help Mama around the house, but after she died I never liked to ask him to do anything."

Farm distances being what they are he had few playmates his own age when he was small. But he had a dog named Skipper. Growing up, his life was little different from that of the other farm boys in the area.

When he got old enough he had a gun and went shooting rabbits or hunting deer in the hills or fishing in the streams and lakes. He didn't take part in school athletics or any other school activities but he lived four miles away and had chores to do after school.

Fort Ann is a Main Street town which supplies the dairy farmers of the surrounding countryside. The farms range from shacks on a few acres of scrub to completely mechanized outfits on lush bottom-land. The Wills farm lies in between these extremes. Jake Wills, Morris' father, adds to the income by supervising the county roads. Morris and his father had never been close. When William, the oldest son, took over the farm management a few years ago, some of the townspeople believe that Morris felt left out.

The family is Protestant, but not much on church going; Morris seldom went himself. On his last day to make a choice, his sister went to the local Roman Catholic Church to pray for him, though the family had never attended there before.

At home rules were strict. Morris had never had a drink before he went into uniform and showed up at the high school dance. When asked if his questions on sex had been answered. Muriel said, "We wouldn't have dared ask any such questions."

Morris wanted desperately to get away from the farm. His ambitions, the same as many boys his age in the community, were to quit school, get a job, get a car—in that order.

"You see, these boys learn to drive a tractor before they are twelve," a high school teacher told me. "So far as the mech-

anical part goes they know how to drive perfectly. They can't understand why they can't have a car."

With Morris the urge to drive, coupled with the wish to get away from the farm, grew so strong that it got him in his one brush with the authorities.

Five or six local boys, Morris among them, had worked out plans over a period of months to get a car and go to California. All but one of the others dropped out at the end and Morris would have too except that he was taunted as "chicken" and took the dare.

They took a jalopy belonging to the other boy's father, loaded it up with food, blankets and their guns and started off on their transcontinental tour. It ended abruptly less than a hundred miles from home when the car, of antique vintage, broke down near Albany and the two were picked up by state troopers and taken to jail.

The boys were not charged and were released to their fathers. The incident, however, had only increased Morris' determination to get away from home and school. Finally, two months after he was seventeen, he persuaded his father to sign for his enlistment a month after the Korean fracas started.

Morris was not the only Fort Ann boy to go into the army that year and the next. Some of the others got to Korea, too. The rest came back, some to their farm homes and some to take jobs in nearby "big towns."

I tried to see them. The first one had gone hunting that morning. The second one had gone to Albany. The third one careened out of the farm road just as I was about to turn into it. The others just weren't around and nobody could say when they would be around. I tried again the next day with similar results. Then a storekeeper who had given me directions wised me up.

"News travels fast around here," he said. "Everybody knows you're asking about Morris Wills. Kids around here stick together and they don't talk. Maybe they didn't like Morris or maybe they did. Maybe they didn't approve of what he did. But they just aren't going to talk to a stranger about him when they won't even talk about him with their folks."

When I finally cornered one of them, I learned how right my storekeeper friend was.

"I'll talk to you if you won't use my name," he said, after his pretty young wife persuaded him to at least see me. "But I haven't got anything to say," he added with patient embarrassment. "I just don't want to talk about him, one way or the other. But I just don't know how anyone, even if he didn't get past first grade, would be fool enough to stay and eat rice with those gooks with all the money he had coming to him."

Then, realizing he had said more than he had meant to, he hurried out of the house, saying over his shoulder as he left, "I'm late already. I've got to go now."

Morris got to Korea after the Chinese had shown their full strength, as a replacement in the badly mauled 2nd Division. He was captured May 18, 1951, during the spring offensive.

His letters home were called "phoney" by his father. His family were sure it wasn't his handwriting.

"It is my understanding," one letter went, "that there is a peace movement back there, so tell Father that with all my heart I hope he supports the peace movement to his fullest ability in faith that it will bring me back home, quick and safe."

Muriel said that he had never called his father anything but "Dad." The letter spoke of harvesting wheat and of the "hired man." There is no wheat and no hired man.

"I am well and all right over here," he added, "except for one thing. The days are long and hot and tiresome and I keep longing for the day when I can return home safely."

That day didn't come for Morris Wills.

"People who voice an opinion for peace in the United States," he said after the last day had come and gone when he could return home safely, "are persecuted and their voices suppressed. There is not a democratic government in the United States as long as McCarthyism and McCarranism are allowed to exist. The people will not be allowed to fight for peace. There is no freedom of speech."

He indicated that he, like the leader of the group, Richard Corden, was "hopeful of becoming a Communist."

"He must have been afraid to come—or they wouldn't let him," said his aunt.

"I can't think why he would do it," said the mother of one of his friends, "unless his mind went bad."

A high school teacher who had pondered his case long and thoughtfully felt that Morris had lacked "guts," was the kind of boy who would be easily led, who always "knuckled under," and would give up when the odds were too great.

Pvt. Richard R. Tenneson, of Alden, Minn.

born, June 4, 1933, enlisted July, 1950

2nd Division, captured May 18, 1951

Baptist, 3rd year high, high I.Q.

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, Tenneson collaborated with Communist officials, informed on fellow prisoners, circulated petitions, attended special study classes, made propaganda recordings for broadcast, attempted to convert fellow prisoners to Communism, and consistently supported the Communist propaganda programme. His rewards included liquor and marijuana.

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I GOT no home," said the stocky seventeen-year-old in uniform, on his last leave before going into the fighting in Korea. "You'll never see me again."

It is doubtful that Richard Tenneson really thought his dark prophecy would be fulfilled. He couldn't have known that three years later he would be exchanging the rolling plains around Aiden, Minn., for the alien vistas of Communist China.

All of his life Richard had swung like a pendulum between schools, between religions, between homes. Even in prison he vacillated at first between being a "progressive" as those who lined up with the Reds were called and being a "reactionary" as those who resisted were called.

In the end he got caught on a downswing that never came up—caught so fast that in December of 1953 he sat in the neutral compound in Panmunjon and composed a rude and jeering letter to his mother. He didn't do it all by himself. He got a lot of help from his companion prisoners of war who were refusing to return to home and country.

As each sentence was polished off it was read aloud to be criticized or applauded by the group. When it was finished all were childishly pleased with the results.

And in a hotel room in Tokyo, a woman who had come half-way around the world in the forlorn hope of talking her son out of his fateful decision, read the letter and wept.

"United States authorities . . . have probably told you that I was forced, doped, brainwashed or some other horse manure that they use to slander and defile people like myself who will stand up for his own rights and the rights of man," the letter said. "As soon as you read this you had better go over to

G.H.Q. and take a loyalty oath or you are likely to be arraigned before the House of Un-American Activities." (The misphrasing is in the letter.)

After that Mrs. Portia Howe gave up trying to get permission of the army to go to Korea and see her son in person.

"I have failed somewhere," she said then, "and I must find out where, because I have three other children. I believe a mother should start at birth trying to train a child for life. Perhaps I overdid it. Richard resented discipline. Perhaps that is where I made my mistake."

It wasn't as simple as that. If Richard's trouble was discipline it was too many different disciplines rather than too much. He never had a settled home, nor went to the same school for any length of time. He was even baptized into three different churches.

He lived with his grandmother during his pre-school years and after, lived a few months with one aunt, a year with another. As a baby he was baptized a Lutheran, his father's religion; when he was six he was baptized a Catholic; when he was thirteen, a Baptist.

He went to five schools in as many number of towns in southern Minnesota.

His father and mother were divorced when he was two years old. His mother remarried when he was eight and he never accepted his stepfather.

During his growing-up period, Richard was under the influence of two remarkable women, his mother and his grandmother. Mother and daughter resemble one another in an unusual degree in looks, manner and character. Mrs. Howe, a much handsomer woman than her photographs would suggest, might be ten years younger than forty-three, her actual age; her mother, Mrs. John W. Jensen, looks twenty years younger than seventy. Both are strong and erect, both look at you directly out of large, clear, dark eyes. Both are well read, thoughtful, aware of current intellectual trends—and both are religious fanatics.

To Mrs. Jensen one of the "most heartbreaking times" in her life was "when my daughter became a Catholic."

"It was at the time of the birth of one of the children," Mrs. Jensen added. "A Catholic family befriended her," She turned her direct gaze on me. "I don't know what your religion is or whether you've been born again, but at that time my daughter had not been born again; she hadn't had the real experience with religion. She wanted to be right with God and there was this very efficient priest and he won out enough to get both boys baptised Catholics."

After his mother married Ebenezer Howe in 1941, in a Methodist ceremony, Richard stopped going to the Catholic church and when he was thirteen he was baptised in the Baptist church by a minister who did not know of the previous baptismal records.

"Religion was never a happy thing in Richard's family," one of his many pastors told me. "In addition the boy had a sense of not belonging anywhere. He went from home to home, never quite having a real home. He had to be pretty careful how he handled himself."

Portia Jensen and Russell Tenneson were married in June of 1932 and a year later Richard was born. Sickly at birth he was soon a healthy, sturdy baby who could be left with his grandmother when his parents struck out for Minneapolis in search of work at the depth of the depression. Tenneson had been a truck driver and a garage mechanic but found it hard to get a job. His wife sold cosmetics from door to door and did fairly well. But something went wrong with their marriage and Mrs. Tenneson got a divorce on charges of abandonment and desertion in the summer of 1935.

Mrs. Tenneson came back to home territory and worked as a house-keeper and waitress. During the years when she had to make her own living, Richard stayed with his grandparents most of the time.

"I think myself," Mrs. Jensen said, "that we talked out of turn about his father in front of him. You know my father died when I was a baby and mother told us only wonderful things about him. But death is a clean thing and divorce is different and we talked out of turn."

Mrs. Jensen said that Richard was a bright child from the beginning but he stayed away from other children "just like

his mother did." As a baby he had an allergy to cream but recovered from it. The children in the neighbourhood picked on him because he wore a snowsuit and the rest didn't, his grandmother remembered.

"But when things didn't suit him, he could go it alone," Mrs. Jensen said. "He could take a lot of punishment. Once he ran away and slept on a bench in a park. He was about fifteen then. He'd heard us tell about how his father ran away when he was that age."

Mrs. Howe married her present husband, Ebenezer K. Howe, in 1941 and they came to the farm near Alden where the family now lives. Neighbours and teachers all remarked on Richard's difficulties with his stepfather. On the back of his card at Albert Lea High School was the notation that he was living with an aunt that year because he "couldn't get along with stepfather."

Freeborn County, where Rick Tenneson lived most of his life, is almost completely rural. Teachers, neighbours and classmates all have different slants on Richard. Some consider him just a "normal, average kid." Some say he was bull-headed and hard to get along with. Most said he didn't mix much with other boys or date girls at all. One classmate told a teacher before Richard's name was announced as one of the group: "If anyone would fall for the Communist line, Richard would."

L. J. Adolphsen, principal of the Albert Lea High School, doesn't remember him—"Nothing about him stood out"—but noted that the physical education people found him surly. He came and went on the school bus and took no part in extra curricular activities.

An Indian guard at the neutral camp said Richard told him he had been picked on at home because he was undersized and not good at sports.

A teacher told me that "he never really had a home or any stable environment—just an overload of sin and save the world."

The Howes themselves are controversial figures in the community. Some neighbours blamed them because Richard had signed a petition in his last year in high school seeking the

dismissal of a school official. Several expressed the feeling that Richard's parents should have taught him "more respect for his teachers." They felt that Mrs. Howe was "pretty opinionated."

The community was divided when Mrs. Howe decided that she would go to Korea and attempt to talk her son out of his fearful decision. Circulars were placed in every mail-box asking contributions to help defray the high costs of the flight to the Orient. Only a little more than \$200 was raised and Mrs. Howe had to cash in the bonds Richard sent home to manage their expenses.

Despite the difficulties in the way, difficulties which proved insurmountable to all of the other mothers who tried, Mrs. Howe got as far as Tokyo in her vain attempt to get Rick to come home. Her first major victory was scored when after a two-hour conference she persuaded Mrs. Ruth B. Shipley, watchdog of the passport division of the State Department, to give her the necessary credentials to get as far as Japan.

The Howe farmhouse is a comfortable one, set up on a rise above the road. The Howes have developed a successful business in dressed poultry, selling direct to the consumer. The house was filled with the tantalizing aroma of freshly baked bread the day I stopped there. The ten-year-old twins, Ebenezer Jr., and Jan, were doing their homework at one end of the living room as I talked to Mrs. Howe. She was pleasant and courteous but obviously taut and under a strain.

She sees her son as a boy who got along normally with his brothers and sisters, was well adjusted, who could play by himself when he needed to, who changed his friends as he himself progressed—"a boy with a wonderful imagination who could have a perfectly wonderful time imagining things and playing by himself."

She thought perhaps they had expected too much of him "in certain areas as most parents do," but she did not think he had been punished excessively and he was "not usually spanked."

At that one of the twins, Ebenezer, Jr., piped up:

"All right, do you remember the time daddy went after him with the horsewhip?"

"Yes," Mrs. Howe said calmly, "but that was because he left the milking machine on the cow and it hurt the cow."

Richard's main ambition was for "maturity," Mrs. Howe felt. "He wanted to grow up." He was a great reader and he had thought of being a teacher or a doctor.

When he was sixteen, Richard got a job with a travelling carnival and got into his only difficulty with the police when one of his carnival acquaintances stole a car and took him along on a wild ride toward Fort Riley, Kansas, where Richard was going to enlist. They were picked up in Nebraska and Mrs. Howe had to come and get him. Richard was charged with juvenile delinquency and given a suspended sentence.

When he was just over seventeen and the Korean war had been on a few weeks, Richard finally did enlist. He left with his last year in high school yet to go. His school record had been spotty though his I.Q. was high. He was crazy to get into the army, his mother said, and he pointed out he could go to college under the G.I. Bill and he would be drafted eventually anyway. So Mrs. Howe signed for his enlistment.

He came back on his last leave in February of 1951, before he was sent to the battle lines. That was when he told his friend, "I got no home." And that was when he told his mother:

"If I should win the Congressional Medal of Honour, I still wouldn't have done enough for my country."

Richard was reported missing in action on May 18, 1951, just a few weeks after he went into the line. This was during the second attack of the Chinese Communist spring offensive and the already battered 2nd Division, Richard's outfit, took the brunt of it.

"He began to swallow the Commie line right after he was captured," a fellow prisoner of war who didn't, told me. "He was always talking about Communism. He liked to talk about it. He knew a lot about it because he had studied the Reds' propaganda. We would ask him why he came to Korea to fight and he would say he didn't know the real story until the Chinese told him."

Still, he just missed being saved. His bunkmates included a group of airborne troops who had banded together to counter-

act the effects of the Red propaganda.

"We had him all talked out of it," Charles Loutitt of Monongahela, Pa., who won a Bronze Star for his heroism in prison camp, told me. "But then the Communists broke us up and sent us to other camps and we lost him."

Lost him so far that he was listed as an informer by the army which also accused him of making propaganda recordings for broadcast in return for liquor and marijuana.

Fellow prisoners suspected him of reporting them to the Chinese and threatened him several times.

"I got fed up," one said, "and asked him to step outside. He refused to fight. It was just as well because hitting a progressive meant being put in a cage or on hard labour."

Tenneson was one of the converts the Communists counted on as a leader of the group. In spite of the legal difficulties in the way of allowing his mother to come to the camp, our officials were seriously considering how her visit could be made possible until they got word that an unhappy incident—the nature of it was never known—was being planned by the group should she make her appearance.

The joint letter sent out under Richard's signature was confirmation enough that Mrs. Howe's visit to Korea might do more harm than good.

The letter started out "Dear Mother" but it closed with no protestations of love, only this: "Say hello to the family if you are not allowed to come and see me" and then his signature.

However, in the body of the letter he insisted that he still loved "my family, my people and my country and whether you are able to understand or not, believe me when I say it is for them I am fighting and it is impossible for me to live in the United States because I want to live as I wish."

In another part, he declared that "during life I have witnessed both peace and war in the United States. I love peace. I love mankind. I love them enough to fight for them. That is what I am doing now—that is why I am not going home."

Through her tears, Mrs. Howe said hopelessly to Tokyo correspondents:

"What does he know of life in the United States? He was in combat seven weeks. What does he know of war?"

He described life in the camp "in the Democratic People's Republic of Korea" as a "lot of fun" with sports, folk dancing, "cultural concerts" and the prospect of ice skating over the flooded rice fields.

He asked her to pay a visit to the Japanese wife of Claude Batchelor, "one of my friends," whose name he misspelled, to ask her to write to her husband and try to get permission to visit him. Just before she left for home, her mission unaccomplished, Mrs. Howe did pay a visit to Kiyoko Araki whose letters, written shortly afterward, were credited with persuading Batchelor to leave the camp just before the dead-line.

For Batchelor this was not a return to freedom. He was sentenced to life imprisonment, later reduced to twenty years, by a court martial in the fall of 1954. Mrs. Howe attended, "so that I can see what I may be up against some day."

Of her own son, she said she did not believe that "very much in Richard's background" had anything to do with where he is.

"I don't believe that anyone brought up as Richard was could be happy under Communist rule. I am depending on the Lord to show him how wrong the Communists are."

A letter she received from her son in August suggested he might have found out a few things, at least that he was homesick. Mrs. Howe sent him some family pictures and he received them. In reply he sent a picture of himself and of part of the group. He wrote: "It is hard to explain how I felt when I saw your picture. It makes me sad at times to think that we can't be together now."

He also wrote to the twins warning them "to pay attention" in school because "if you know a lot nobody can cheat you."

And to Nathan, the brother closest to him in age who was captain of the 1954 football team at Alden High School, he wrote the most poignant, revealing letter of all.

Every night I look at your picture and I feel remorseful. What more can I say?

Don't leave home yet . . . You don't know the security that home offers until you are away from it. How important

education is you realize after the lack of it has led you into a blind alley. Don't join the armed forces yet.

Unfortunately for Richard, he has already reached the end of his blind alley and if he has found out how badly he has been cheated by the Communists it no longer can help. He is caught in the web.

Pfc. John R. Dunn, of Baltimore, Md.

born June 27, 1928, drafted September 12, 1950

2nd Division, captured July 24, 1951

Episcopal, high school grad, average I.Q.

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, Dunn became a lecturer for the Communists, wrote articles for the Communist Daily Worker of London, made special studies of Communism, collaborated with camp officials and attempted to convert his fellow prisoners. He was a member of the "Kremlin Club" and his rewards included appointment as camp librarian.

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FOR the *Green Bag*, yearbook of Baltimore's City College which, despite its name, is a high school, John Roedel Dunn declared that it was his ambition "to be happy." While that is a normal enough human ambition it is seldom expressed in high school annuals and John Dunn was the only one to put it down in 1948.

On the surface, his chances of achieving it seemed good. A handsome, serious-faced boy, always well dressed and immaculate, he had earned the respect of his pastor—"One of the finest boys I know"—and his employer. He was looked up to by his pretty sister and his younger brother. His family was well-off; his father was personnel director of a big industrial firm; his mother was also employed by a wholesale grocery company.

Why then should he have chosen to collaborate with his captors and refuse repatriation to his own country?

There are no simple answers and this one is further complicated by the conflicting reports of fellow prisoners-of-war who did return.

"Don't believe a thing you hear," one wrote to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Dunn. "Don't believe a word you read. Jack's a good boy. I refuse to believe it."

Alfred Graham, Jr., from his hospital bed in St. Albans, was more specific:

"Dunn gave me his blanket and his ration of sugar when I was sick on the thirty-one-day march north to the Yalu River," Graham said. "He waited on me hand and foot. He treated others in the company like that, too. Jack was in no way a progressive as I should know because I became his

closest friend. He was very popular; the whole company liked him. He was kind and he was a good person—just good.”

Pose those against this:

“He was filthy; the dirtiest guy in camp. We threw him in the river once as the only way to clean him up. The others didn’t want to have anything to do with him.”

Or this:

“He was a tagger. If there was anything going on, Dunn wanted to be in on it, whatever it was. He tried to talk like a college professor and was always haranguing the guys who wouldn’t turn progressive.”

Which is right? Both.

The glowing reports come from Dunn’s stay in Prison Camp III where he spent the first year of his imprisonment. The critical ones are from prisoners-of-war who knew him in Camp V where he made his decision not to return to his own country.

Exact details of what happened to him between the two camps will never be known. But there are definite clues to the puzzle of how a youth of his background and training could have become one of the twenty-two.

John was born in Altoona, Pa., June 27, 1928, the oldest of three children. The Dunn family had many connections in Altoona, spreading through all social levels, and the William Dunns were well known and well liked in the community. They shared the hard times of the depression which struck Altoona with particular force. Still, his father, starting as a clerk, worked up to assistant personnel manager. When John was thirteen, the job in Baltimore opened up and the family moved there.

John is remembered, if at all, by neighbours and teachers in Altoona as a quiet, shy boy. He repeated first grade, but the teacher who would know why is now dead. His grades were poor and when he transferred to Baltimore he repeated half of the seventh grade and became a mid-year student.

He was given I.Q. tests four different times, receiving grades as low as 93 and as high as 111, an unusually wide variance (100 is average):

He was almost seventeen when he entered the junior year in Baltimore’s City College, a high school with traditions reaching

back more than two hundred years, which specialised in classical studies as against the technical high schools in the city.

John didn't take the classical course but a sort of hybrid technical course for students without the interest or qualifications for either classical or advanced technical studies.

He was in a room that was classified as a mixed low-average group of "indifferent" students.

"They took courses to avoid taking other courses," one teacher said. "They did not get a cultural background making for a well-rounded life. They had a vague feeling that they were not being treated as well as the others."

In this group John stood out because of his appearance—he was always neat and well dressed—because of his age and because of his "high ideals." He "achieved the respect" of his classmates and was chosen by them to be home room president in his senior year.

In the meantime John, who had been a regular church-goer most of his life, began to take an unusual interest in the Episcopal Church of the Resurrection in the northern part of Baltimore which his family now attended.

"He hovered around the Church most of his life," said the Reverend Elmer P. Baker. "I wish I had a dozen like him."

The church lost its sexton and John took his place as an unpaid volunteer, cleaning and painting and fixing up everything that needed attending to. He would come directly from school every afternoon, spending all his free time at the church.

"He loved his church," the Reverend Baker said. "He was in and out of here all the time. My wife and I thought the world of him. He was cheerful, cooperative, dependable. If he undertook to do anything, you could forget it. He would do it."

This was quite at variance with his record at school. The teacher who best remembers him recalls that he was "shy and sensitive, physically frail, indifferent to school, uninterested in sports or extra-curricular activities, with no particular pals; his grades were low."

But he tended a cottage colony of summer camps in his vacations and did it well; after graduation from high school he got a job as a traveller for his mother's company, selling potato

chips and cookies around Baltimore on commission, and did well at that too.

He continued to spend his free time around the church, took part in all the young people's organizations and became assistant superintendent of the Sunday School. But he never had a date with a girl.

Like most of the twenty-two, John was the oldest boy in the family. He got along well with his only brother Bill, who was about two years younger, despite their obvious temperamental differences. They were never known to quarrel; though Bill was quite a scrapper away from home, John was not. They did a good many things together, particularly in their younger days. Bill was interested in the church but not to the degree that John was, although the two always decorated the church Christmas tree together.

Their paths diverged notably as they got up in their teens. then Bill outstripped his older brother in size. He had an easy way with his own age group; took part in all the normal activities of a teenager, going to dances and parties while John stayed home or went over to the church; and eventually courting and marrying the girl next door.

There was something wrong through all this time. John wasn't well. He had had asthma and hay fever when he was younger. In his teens he began having severe headaches and unexplained blackouts and fainting spells. His family took him from doctor to doctor with no results. Finally they took him to a psychiatrist. His report remains secret.

When John was twenty-two, the draft call came. (He is the only draftee of the twenty-two.) The Korean war had already started. John came to his pastor to talk it over with him. He told Dr. Baker that he was willing to go in and get it over with and thought he should because "I am in a better position than some; I have no responsibilities."

His acceptance by the medical board came as a surprise to those close enough to him to know his medical history. Still, army life seemed to agree with him. "He looked well when he came back to Baltimore on leave," Dr. Baker said.

However, on the transport going over to Tokyo, the medical officer who examined him said, "I don't know how you got in

but I can tell you you're going back as soon as we get over." He was wrong. It didn't happen that way. John Dunn was put in the battle line as a radio-operator in June of 1951 and in July he was captured.

Fellow prisoners said he was captured because he stayed to take care of a seriously wounded officer who could not attempt to escape when the unit was surrounded by Chinese and North Koreans. The officer was shot by his captors. On the long, hard march north to the Yalu River prison camps, others died too, including one of John's pals.

Word that he was among the group that would refuse to be repatriated was a complete shock to his family and friends—something almost too hard to take in. Letters from prison camp had contained no hint even that he had begun to collaborate.

"You could always depend on Jack, like you could on your clock," his mother said.

"My older brother made me and Bill toe the line in our teenage days," said his pretty blonde sister Barbara.

"If a brilliant and dedicated man like Cardinal Mindszenty can be made to confess crimes, what chance has a G.I.?" said his father.

Governor McKeldin of Maryland made a personal appeal to the youth in a recorded message, asking him "to renounce Communism and return to his home and family.

"Come home, John" he said, "come home to the freedom and dignity of America. The United States has no imperialist ambitions. It is the Communists who are the would-be conquerors of the world."

The Governor went on to describe the beauty of the autumn countryside, the nostalgia of Thanksgiving and Christmas, and to emphasize the billions this country was sending abroad to feed the hungry of other lands.

John never heard this plea. Under the strict discipline of the camp at Panmunjon, all of the twenty-two refused to listen to the recordings from their families and friends.

Like the rest, John Dunn had never been interested in politics and had no personal contact with Communism before he was captured.

"I don't think I ever heard him use the word," said Dr. Baker, who thought that more awareness might have helped. "Perhaps if youngsters knew something of the insidious and subtle methods of Communism, knew about the sugar coating on the pill, that would have helped. I also believe that our school systems put too little emphasis on American history. I am appalled at the lack of knowledge of their own country displayed by most young people. Not just geography, but roots and traditions."

Dr. Baker felt that no one who had not been through what "John went through" can tell how he would have reacted. "You just don't know because you don't know what the circumstances were."

One of his high school teachers thought John would be particularly vulnerable to Communist peace propaganda.

"He was a mild-mannered boy, who took the ills of others personally. He wanted to be happy and he wanted everybody else to be happy too. He didn't have the kind of mind to see through the relationships between Communism and his wish to see everybody happy.

"He was not a strong boy physically. He would be able to take little physical torture or hardship. Once he was backed in a corner he wouldn't know how to turn around and get out of it. He would not be able to summon up the physical and moral courage to say, 'I've had enough of this.'"

Before the twenty-two left for China, John made a statement to correspondents:

"Our concerted stand will make people realize why we stay here. By doing so, we are putting the anti-peace policies, as contrasted to our own peace policies, in a bright light, for the people to see and examine."

Mrs. William R. Dunn read the statement and looked at the picture of her son. She buried her head in her hands and wept. "That doesn't sound like my son," she said.

Her son would hardly recognize his mother if he returned today. She looks as emaciated as if she too had been in prison camp. His father's face has taken on sad, grim lines.

After that the family had its phone number changed and moved to a secret address "to get away from all the people who

kept asking us what kind of a boy John was that he joined the Communists."

Mrs. Dunn wrote her own story of her son's life for the New York *Herald Tribune's This Week* magazine (June 6, 1954, with June and John Robbins).

"Maybe we spoiled him," Mrs. Dunn wrote, "I don't know. You know how it is with the first one. Jack was always a good child. The only mischief I ever remember him getting into was when he ate a whole tube of toothpaste and broke out in terrible hives.

"His younger brother was such a handful that I was glad when Barbara turned out to be a girl," Mrs. Dunn added.

When they moved to Baltimore the year Jack was thirteen, Mrs. Dunn was "lonely" and decided to go to work too.

"It turned out all right," she said. "Jack was a big help. He could always tell when I was tired. He would push me away from the sink and take over."

Like the other mothers, Mrs. Dunn pondered long and in vain, seeking to answer the incessant question of how this could have happened to her son.

"Could it be that Jack is mentally ill? Maybe his headaches started again and they worked on him when he was in that condition . . . Maybe he has an incurable disease . . . Jack wouldn't want to be a burden to us. Maybe they threatened his family . . . or maybe they sold him a bill of goods that Communism is going to help humanity . . . I guess I'll never see my boy again. If they have really converted him to Communism it would be better if they buried him." *

That was in contrast to what she had said that last day, when he left for China with the others.

"Even now," she said then, through her tears, "even now, I'd be glad to have him back—in the face of court martial and dishonourable discharge. My son!"

Cpl. Andrew Fortuna, of Detroit, Mich.

born March 20, 1926, Bronze Star, with Oak Leaf Cluster, re-enlisted May 12, 1948

1st Cavalry captured November 27, 1951

Catholic, 2 years high school, average I.Q.

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, Fortuna was paid by the Chinese to write articles some of which were published in the camp newspaper. He voluntarily joined a Communist study group and attempted to influence other prisoners. He was chosen by the Communists as a public address system announcer because of his reliability.

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HIS mother had disappeared into the shadows of Detroit's Skid Row. His half-brother was serving a prison term. His stepfather was dead, but the rift between them could not have been healed anyway. He and his Japanese wife had called it quits after their infant son had died of polio.

Andrew Fortuna, Jr., was twenty-seven and on his third enlistment in the army when he turned his back on his country. His heroism under fire had been recognized by the Bronze Star and Oak Leaf Cluster, won on the Korean battlefields. A less socially acceptable kind of courage had been recognized by a court martial for "misappropriating a truck."

Few who met this big, husky blond with the open-faced grin and the twinkling blue eyes would guess that tragedy had stalked him from his earliest days.

Andrew was born Ray Kraft in a small Ohio town in 1926. His mother came to Detroit when he was four and the depression was on, looking for work, a place to live, some future for her fatherless boy. She met Andrew Fortuna, an immigrant labourer. He married her, adopted the boy and gave him his name. The Fortunas had two children of their own, Donald and Viola. But the marriage was never a happy one.

The bickering and quarrelling was so constant that Andrew used to "stay out in the streets nights to keep from going home."

Interviewed in Detroit while he was awaiting a decision that sent him back to serve out a sentence with a Florida chain gang, his half-brother Donald said of Andrew: "He was the same as thousands of kids his age; he never had much at home.

Nothing but trouble in our family. Seems like it should get better but it don't."

Mrs. Fortuna became a problem drinker and used to disappear from home for days at a time. Welfare assistance was needed constantly by the family, for clothes, food and medical care.

At school Andrew got only passing grades, though his teachers felt he could have done better. A distinct extrovert, he made himself and his presence known wherever he was, even if it involved a fight. On the street and in the classroom he was continually involved in such struggles.

Yet, compared to his younger brother, he was quiet and restrained. Donald got into trouble first for "ditching" school. Next he was caught shoplifting. Then came robbery. Andrew resented the notoriety brought on the family by Donald's brushes with the police.

I talked to officers at the police station in Lincoln Park, a suburb of Detroit where the family lived. They remember both boys well and recalled a time when Donald evaded them after stealing a gun and \$1,000. They went to Andrew and said:

"Now, we know he's got a gun and you can be sure we're not going to let any cops get killed taking him. So if you want to help him, you'll get him to come in and give himself up."

"Go ahead and shoot the S.O.B.," said Andrew bitterly. "He's no good anyway."

Later when Andrew went to the Lincoln Park station to get a statement that he had no police record to turn in with his enlistment papers, an officer who didn't know him got out the Fortuna file and whistled at its length. Andy looked at it and pointed out that it was his brother's, not his.

"I'll be glad to get out of this damn town," he said. "Everybody knows the Fortuna name too damn well."

The police remembered Andrew as a quiet boy. Their contact with him was always on account of his brother. He never got into trouble, and his brother was always in trouble. But they assessed him as "the kind of boy who didn't care about anything or anybody."

Andrew was only fifteen the first time he enlisted in the army. Big for his age, he passed as eighteen. School authorities, tracing him as a truant, discovered he was in the army. They called in his mother. She wasn't sure that the army wasn't the best place for him despite his age. She thought maybe they could handle him better than she could. He was discharged, then, however, only to go back shortly after his eighteenth birthday and serve in the Rhineland and Central European campaigns.

Mustered out in November of 1945, Andrew tried civilian life for two and a half years before re-enlisting. He worked as a labourer on construction jobs and earned good pay and the respect of his employers. Now that he had money in his pockets Andrew was beginning to drink. His quarrels with his step father became more serious. On May 12, 1948, he enlisted for the third time.

In November, 1949, he was convicted by a court martial "for misappropriating a truck" and was fined \$47.28 a month for six months. He went to Japan with the 1st Cavalry Division and landed with his regiment in Korea in July of 1950, when the war was but a few weeks old. He fought through all the engagements of the struggle up and down the peninsula, surviving the defeats which resulted in the capture of most of the others of the twenty-two. He was rewarded the Bronze Star January 22, 1951, for endangering his life to take an enemy position. He was awarded the Oak Leaf Cluster, May 20, 1951, for leading a platoon in an attack on an enemy hill and for killing twenty-five of the enemy. •

He was captured, ironically enough, the day after the twenty-day peace negotiation "lull" started on November 27, 1951, a year later than most of the twenty-two.

Although the army listed him as a public address system announcer for the Reds, chosen because of his "reliability," those who knew him in camp say that he was "reactionary" during most of his two and a half years in prison camp.

One fellow prisoner-of-war said he knew Andy "hadn't fallen for that stuff, because we used to discuss it together."

And William Allen, a returned prisoner-of-war who lived a few blocks from Fortuna's home in Lincoln Park, but had

known him only in prison camp, was sure he wasn't a progressive during the period they were in the same camp.

"He was a good boy, who didn't even pal around with the progressives when I knew him," Allen told me. "I got moved to another camp. We were the first to be sent down to Panmunjon. On our way we stopped at his camp and I asked if Andy was around. They told me he was up the road working."

Allen thought that better than ten per cent. of the prisoners had become progressives—"those that were afraid and a lot of the sick and wounded."

It was pretty tough in camp, he said, particularly the first year.

"More than 1,600 died in two and a half months," he said. "We didn't have any clothes or food or anything. We could always tell when the peace talks were going good. Then we would get something to eat. When they were going bad, they'd clamp down on us."

Shortly after his name was listed as one of the group who would refuse to be repatriated, Joseph Hainline of Detroit's station WJR did a documentary recording on Andrew Fortuna, Andrew's brother Donald was still accessible and so was one of his best friends who has since disappeared.

That was Bob Napolitana, who had been his closest friend for years. In the recording Napolitana said that "his dad didn't like the way Andy was spending his own pay, so Andy would get drunk before he got home, so one day his dad decided that was just enough and he kicked Andy out and Andy re-enlisted a short time later."

Napolitana got a letter from Andrew early in 1953.

"I don't think you'll hardly know me when I return home in the future," he wrote, "for I have broke myself from the bottle while I was in Japan. While I was in Japan I was married to a Japanese girl for two years. We had a little baby boy, but he died of the polio. I think that's the real thing that straightened me out. After the kid died, we come to a mutual understanding and we called it quits."

"I have hopes of buying me a new car when I get out of here but I don't know for sure. I guess you know how my family

have split up since my dad died. I haven't made up my mind whether to get it together again or be a bachelor."

Donald, on the same programme, made a plea for understanding, not just for Andrew but for the whole group.

"Don't condemn my brother or the other fellows. Pity them. Get them back home where they belong. Either that two and a half years in prison camp has affected him mentally or those men actually believe that what they are doing is right."

Walter Gibson, principal of the Lafayette School (which Andrew attended last, leaving in the eighth grade), told of how much Andrew wanted to make friends and be recognised in his classroom.

"I imagine that his fighting and his trouble-making were attempts to gain recognition with his classmates so he would be considered one of them. Perhaps he didn't make it with his classmates . . . His home life was very unpleasant. His problem started from the fact that he needed love and affection he should have had at home so that he would fit in the group here with his classmates."

Mrs. Fortuna's absence from home had become permanent by the time her husband died of cancer in 1951. A bartender who knew her said:

"I didn't know whether she worked or not. I know she was always worried about her son in service and she thought he was dead as she had read in the papers that he was unaccounted for."

Except for the last one, none of Andrew's letters home contained the usual Communist line which filled every the letters of many boys who came back. That last one was written in May of 1953 to his brother Donald.

"There are a lot of things the American people ought to know about what's going on here. We are going to tell them. Only big business is benefiting from this war. All the people want peace."

Claude Batchelor made a recording for Joseph Hainline before he was taken into custody. He had this to say about Fortuna:

"I think the way the Communists managed to influence him was to work on his lower class background. He had

somewhat of a struggle maybe, going through life, and the Communists always like to preach those things to you . . . From the way Andrew talked, I'm convinced he didn't have any selfish gains in mind. He was just mixed up."

At any rate, Andrew stayed. Just before he left for China he made the usual statement for correspondents:

"Like the rest of the men, my main reason for staying behind is to fight for peace. But perhaps I understand even a little better how important world peace is. I fought in World War II against the Fascists. I come back to find Fascists in my own country in the form of McCarthy and men of his calibre. I don't want to go back to that but I will as soon as the people of the United States get rid of the McCarthys and the Veldes."

One day in the spring of 1954 after Andy had gone into the interior of China, Mrs. Fortuna collapsed and died in a Michigan Avenue bar, "Acute alcoholism" was given as the reason for her death.

There has been no word from her son since the Iron Curtain closed on him.

Pvt. James G. Veneris, of Vandergrift, Pa.

born March 27, 1922, re-enlisted 1950

2nd Division, captured December 1, 1951

Greek Catholic, high school grad, above average I.Q.

The Army Reported:

According to returned prisoners of war, Veneris' collaboration included giving lectures on Communism, leading study groups, signing and circulating petitions, trying to influence his fellow prisoners to accept Communism and acting as liaison man and librarian at his camp.

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YAH! YAH! Dirty Imperialists!"

The stocky, dark-haired American soldier in the Chinese padded blue uniform spat the words out venomously and jumped up and down in his rage at the U.N. representatives that had approached the barricades of the neutral compound at Panmunjon.

This was Jimmie Veneris of Vandergrift, Pa., known as "the Greek" all up and down the prison camps run by the so-called Chinese People's Volunteers.

Oldest of the twenty-two—he is thirty-three—Veneris is not Greek, but was born in the United States, though both his parents were born in Greece and neither ever learned to speak English. All his life he wanted to be accepted as an American. He refused to learn more than a minimum of Greek and he broke out of the Greek clique in his home town to pal with boys whose national origins were less defined. But he was still "the Greek" even in prison camp.

I talked to his mother out in Hawthorne, Calif., a suburb of Los Angeles, where all the family but Jimmie had moved after World War I. His sister Anastasia acted as interpreter. His father, George J. Veneris, had died of cancer a few weeks earlier, his death hastened, it was said, by his sorrow over his son's decision.

"I don't know what to say or what to think," Mrs. Veneris told me. "He must have been under terrible pressure to come to believe these things." Her strong face was gaunt with pain. "I pray every night and every day."

"He always hated Communists," Anastasia added on her own. "He always said that people who were Communists

should go back and live in Russia . . .” She broke off suddenly, remembering that her brother was, in a way, under his own sentence.

His family had received odd letters, like so many others, criticizing his country for “germ warfare” and “for continuing this war and making the peoples of the world suffer,” but his last letter had spoken of his eagerness to be home by Christmas.

His mother thought perhaps he had been brought up too strictly although he was never slapped or spanked—“His father hollered at him when he didn’t do what he was supposed to.”

His family thought Jimmie friendly and co-operative, quiet and confident but occasionally stubborn and somewhat moody.

While I was talking with them the postman came with a thin flat package. It was the tape recording that Mr. and Mrs. Veneris had made in the hope that their son would hear it and come back home to them. With it was a letter telling them that as far as the army knew he had not heard it—at any rate he hadn’t come home.

In Vandergrift, a steel mill town less than an hour’s drive from Pittsburgh, the shock was just as great. Ralph W. McIntyre, burgess of the town, called Jimmie one of the best-liked young men in town. Others spoke of how much he had appreciated being an American, how proud ~~he~~ he was of his country.

Unlike most of the twenty-two, he had many friends in all walks of life, as a youth. He had a high-average I.Q. and had the best school record of any of the group, getting mostly B’s with a few C’s. He had to work after school—he ushered at a movie house—so athletics were out of the question, but he had participated to some extent in the social activities of his classmates. He belonged to the Stamp Club and he had been a stage hand at the Christmas play. He always had a girl for the school dance. He was a good talker—pick a subject and he knew something about it—he read a lot on his own, especially about psychology and psychiatry.

But there were some who saw the hopes and ambitions, the frustrations and resentments below the surface.

Vandergrift is a charming town that climbs the hills steeply from the river where the railroad station, mill and shopping

centre are located. It is a town without a slum—or if it has one it is the narrow street where Jimmie Veneris lived. It is also a town singularly free from race or national prejudices; the Greek element, however, tends to keep to itself. His father had a labourer's job and Jimmie minded that.

"We felt in a way," one of his teachers said, "that he grew up without parents because, with the language barrier, there was so little communication between him and them."

He wanted desperately to get ahead, another teacher told me, but he wanted to do it quickly; he wanted to hit the top of the ladder without touching the other rungs. And he felt that other people "didn't appreciate what he had to offer."

This was confirmed by a leading member of the Greek community whom he respected and to whom he turned when needing help.

"He was always up in the clouds, always reading," he said. "He wanted to be a big shot, but he wasn't much in love with work. He wanted easy work, something not too hard. But he was good-natured and polite, always considerate. He borrowed money from me from time to time but he always paid it back. He did not get along with his father, and his mother couldn't help him understand because she couldn't talk English and he couldn't talk Greek."

That he should have deserted his country was too hard to believe—"He was as American as American can be."

"I had to laugh," he added, "when the Bishop of New York sent him this long letter in Greek about Spartan patriotism in the great days of Greece, and I thought, That boy will get nothing out of that. So we wrote him a letter from Vandergrift where he grew up and had his friends. People who went to school with him and all the people that he knew signed it. I don't know, though, that he ever got it."

Jimmie Veneris' last year in high school was coloured as it was for the rest of his classmates by the World War II draft and the impending threat of war. He graduated in June of 1940 and was in the army by August—to stay for five years and take part in the New Guinea campaign.

When he was discharged he got a job at U.S. Steel, not that quick hop up the ladder he had hoped for but a labourer's job as a stocker's helper, sweeping and cleaning up.

"It wasn't the kind of job that a boy of his intelligence would find much in," William Atkinson, personnel director at the plant, said, "but at that particular period there wasn't much chance for advancement. We were cutting down operations. It was a slack period."

Jimmie got laid off and worked at various jobs, as an usher, as he had earlier after school; as a waiter in a restaurant. His family moved to California but he refused to go with them.

Finally, in September of 1950, he re-enlisted. The date is important because the Korean fighting had already started. Veneris was one of the few among the twenty-two who went into the army knowing there was a war on and he might get into it.

A month after he went in, Veneris was en route to the front, as a badly needed replacement for the mauled 2nd Division. He survived the Chinese offensive at the end of November that pushed United Nations troops pellmell back from the Yalu River, and was captured a year later on December 1, 1951, during the "quiet" period when peace negotiations seemed certain of success. Though he was reported to have fallen for the Communist line early, he was never accused of being an informer.

I sat across the counter from Jack Jarackas in the Sweetland Chocolate Shoppe in Vandergrift and waited for the noon rush to let up. Between whipping up a milk shake and fixing a bacon and tomato sandwich, Jarackas talked to me about his good friend, Jimmie Veneris.

"I can't make it out," he said. "He just wasn't the type. Why, he was crazy about the army. Even when he was out of it he talked like an army man, he even walked like an army man. And he wrote me from camp he was going to make the army his career."

"Sure, he wasn't like the rest of us. He had a lot of ideas. He wanted to be on the first spaceship to Mars. And he could talk about psychology and biology and things like that with experts and hold his own. He was kind of sombre except when

he had a load on and then he was the happiest guy in the world; that's the only time he would dance. Sometimes he'd go along with us and other times he just wouldn't show up; he'd disappear. When he was working at the mill he would sneak up back alleys on his way home from work because he didn't want anybody to see him in his dirty work clothes. He was the cleanest guy I ever knew."

The Harding family, who have a big rambling house in one of Vandergrift's pleasant tree-shaded avenues, were puzzled too. Jimmie had spent many hours in that house, making it almost a second home, and he and Allen Harding were buddies.

From prison camp he wrote them a letter:

"It sure is a funny war. I hear coffee is about ninety cents a pound back there and when I think of coffee it reminds me of the Harding family. I wish I had a dollar for every cup I have drunk back at your place; I guess I could buy myself a new Buick car. I also miss the good old bull sessions we used to have. I'll be back some day and we can all converse again."

And that sounded like him, but then there was this:

"Ever since our capture we have been treated good under the guidance of the CPV (Chinese People's Volunteers). They have a policy called the lenient treatment. I have never even been sworn at by these people."

Even with letters like that, no one in Vandergrift or in Hawthorne, where his folks now live, was prepared for the news that Jimmie Veneris had become one of the twenty-two or to make the statement that he made the day the group left for China:

"The guys who did go back as sick and wounded or in repatriation exchange and who are interested in world peace—they were declared misfits and put into mental wards at Valley Forge. (Some of the early returned prisoners of war were interviewed there before their discharge.) It was a very unjust treatment for men whose main aim in life was to help mankind by fighting for peace. I love my country, my people, my parents. I will return when peace is established and McCarthy and his clique are abolished."

**Marine Andrew M. Condron, of Bathgate, West
Lothian, Scotland**

born October 4, 1928, enlisted 1946 for 12 years

**41st Independent Commando, Royal Marines,
captured November 29, 1950**

Catholic, wireless course, Edinburgh College

The Admiralty made no report on him.

Fellow prisoners did not call him an informer but reported that he had collaborated with the Chinese and used his ability to get along with the Communists to gain better treatment for his fellow prisoners. His record now contains the word "run" which means he is subject to court martial as a deserter.

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IT must be a poor soul who doesn't have anyone," Mrs Jane Condron of Bathgate, West Lothian, told her daughter Mattie, when she heard that one of the British prisoners of war had "opted" to stay with the Chinese Communists instead of coming home.

That was in the summer of 1953 while she was still waiting news of the release of her own Andrew, not knowing yet that he was the one—the only—Britisher who would refuse repatriation.

When the news came it was all the harder to take. Letters from prison camp had contained some hints that Andrew had been won over by the Communists. A Catholic family, the Condrons had found this hard to believe, but they knew that Andrew had been questioning his faith when he left for Korea and Communism was a phase many young Scots went through, so the family had been philosophical about it.

There had been, however, not the slightest suggestion until the end that he would not come home. Like the Americans he had written often about his homecoming plans; in fact the chief clue to his cooperation with the Chinese Reds had been a chain letter sent to his home town protesting against the American insistence on the very armistice terms which made it possible for him to stay.

Once the decision had been made, Andrew sent presents home to his mother by a returning fellow prisoner with a message not to worry, that after a couple of years' study in China and a visit to the Soviet Union he would be back home again.

His father, Patrick A. Condron, a Post Office telephone engineer and a veteran of both World Wars, was stunned at the news.

"He has disgraced his unit and his family," he said then. "If the other boys can come home, surely he can. It wasn't any harder for him to ignore Communist propaganda. If only he realized what a terrible shock it has been to his mother and his family."

First his father wrote Andrew "a mild letter, a careful letter, for I was afraid"; then an angry letter, "Dig your own grave, if you will, but don't drive your mother into hers"; and finally, as the last days of grace approached, a conciliatory letter that would keep the ties with him even if he refused their pleas.

Signed "God bless, Mum and Dad," the letter ran:

"Dear Son: We are not against you. That would never do, for you are still our Andy.

"There is no doubt you are sticking up for what you think is right. But you have always been determined, always sticking to your principles once you have made up your mind.

"Why don't you come home? You could still have your views on Communism here if you wanted.

"We wouldn't object even though we don't approve of them.

"We must be honest with you. But we are being honest when we say we are proud of you—not for your ideals but for your courage. There are not many young men who would give up their country for their political views."

It was much later that the Condrons learned that Andrew did not in fact feel that he was giving up his country for his political views.

Their letter did not make him change his mind. Nor was he moved by the attempts of the British Explanation Officer, Major Michael B. McNabb, a Scot from Peebles, who had himself been a prisoner of the Germans.

Condron was in the same enclosure in the neutral compound at Panmunjon as were the 21 Americans. Like them he refused to allow the "explainers" to enter the enclosure. The Americans helped drown out the loudspeakers, when Major

McNabb took to a microphone outside the fence, just as they had drowned out their own explanation team.

"I spoke to your mother on the telephone from Japan last Monday evening," Major McNabb shouted. "She was deeply moved; indeed she was crying throughout our conversation. She asked me to implore you to bring her the happiest day in her life by coming home to her. You are free now to make your decision. The outcome of that choice will be with you always."

The loudspeakers blared out Christmas carols; it was December 23, 1953. When they were over Corden, the American leader, shouted:

"Do any Americans want to go home?"

"No," was the chorus in answer.

Then Condron shouted:

"Do any British want to go home?"

"No," he answered himself.

The home that Andrew was forsaking is a side-door council house on the Edinburgh-Glasgow Road at the eastern end of Bathgate. It is a simple comfortable home with a living room, two bedrooms and a scullery. Andrew's father lives there alone now. The other children have long been married and set up homes away. Mrs. Condron died in November of 1954 without ever seeing her son again.

Bathgate, 20 miles west of Edinburgh, is a shopping centre and market town with two main industries, coal and steel, and a population of 12,000, the largest in the county of West Lothian. An ancient town, according to legend, there was a castle there once and Princess Margery, daughter of Robert the Bruce fell in love with Walter, Lord Steward of Scotland, marrying him at Bathgate Castle to found the Stuart dynasty of Kings of Scotland and England.

A pretty town, open and green, with none of the grim, dreariness so often associated with mining towns, Bathgate boasts an extensive park, a bowling green, tennis courts, a pool and an endowed boarding school, Bathgate Academy.

Andrew, born midway between the two great wars, was his mother's youngest child by her second marriage. Her first husband, Samuel McBryde, died in the flu epidemic of 1919, leaving her with three children, Matty, Jean and Samuel

(Sonnie). Rena, five years older than Andrew, was the only other child of her marriage to Patrick Condron.

There were a lot of advantages in this set-up for Andrew. He was too young to be any competition to his older brother and sisters. Matty and Jean were other mothers to him and Sonnie was his hero. Matty pushed him along in his perambulator when she went out walking with her young men. He was a handsome baby with his red gold hair and deep blue eyes and Matty loved him.

Out of the pram stage he was something of an embarrassment to Jean but one she remembers with wistful wryness.

There were disadvantages, too, in having so many older ones around who were yet young enough to know all the childhood dodges and evasions.

"Andy was always up to something," Sonnie used to say, "but he got into no more than I did as a lad. The only difference was that he always got found out."

There was the time he came home with a deep gash above his upper lip and up onto his cheek, a frightening sight.

"He told us he fell in the park," Jean recalled. "He said he hit the curb but it came to me later that it couldn't have happened the way he said, the curb was the wrong way round for him to have hit the edge. And sure enough it came out that he was playing on the railway where he shouldn't have been and had fallen on the rails."

Punishment for Andrew was swift and done with as swiftly. "He was well punched and that was it," Jean said. "Sometimes Maena threw things at him," She smiled. "Mama had a good aim but he could dodge. He took his punishment in the same spirit it was given."

Andy's escapade on the railway made a wound deep enough to cut a nerve and require stitches. It left a deep scar. "One of the reporters in Korea said he had a sneer on his face," Jean recalled, "but it was that scar which drew up one side of his mouth and gave the appearance of a leer."

Growing up, Andrew had a more than ordinarily carefree existence. He had no chores to do after school. He didn't have to work. He had a "wee dog" that he wouldn't part with and which he carried along under his arm wherever he went. He

did well in school, was liked by the neighbours and had a host of friends his own age. He grew up tall and strong, six foot two when he went into the Marines. He was active in play and games, though he wouldn't take part in football. Swimming was his sport.

"He loved to swim and dive," Jean told me. "He wasn't afraid of anything. He would have dived off the Forth Bridge."

Those who knew him in Bathgate recall him invariably as a quiet boy. At St. Mary's Senior Secondary school, his teacher in the primary grades, Miss Ellen Monaghan remembers Andrew well.

"He was a good lad, a bright lad, no trouble in school. He came from a fine home, had a good mother and father. He was quiet and a great reader," she informed me.

Dr. J. O. McCabe, director of the school, called him a "fine looking fellow, an upright, good boy. His family was religious, high principled. Andrew was an outgoing boy, though quiet and not at all talkative. A great reader. I remember once visiting his home when he was sick in bed and there he was reading a medical book to give himself his own treatment."

His priest, Father Davitt, also found him a good boy. "When I came to the house he didn't speak up as some boys do, but was quiet."

"Yes," Jean agreed, "he was a quiet boy who would think a lot more than he said. But you wouldn't exactly call him thoughtful and dreamy. If he was quiet, it might be because he was sawing the leg off the table. He started to do that once when he was just sitting there, quiet as you please."

Along with the quietness went a fastidiousness that amounted almost a fetish. He would not drink out of another person's cup even as a child, and he washed his own before he had a second cup of tea. He couldn't bear to wear soiled or torn clothing.

"He used to slide down the side of the stairs outside the house," Jean recalled. "Once he tore the seat of his pants sliding. He went in to get a fresh pair. 'Oh, no you don't,' said Mama. So all that afternoon he sat in the swing and wouldn't get up."

Though he played well enough with other boys of his age he also liked to be alone and spent a lot of time by himself, reading mostly. His best friend, Hughie Gallacher, thought him a good sport and a good fighter, who could take a lot without showing it. The girls liked him, Hughie said, but while he was still at home he didn't have a special girl, though he got himself one after he joined the Mafines.

Outside of swimming and reading and his "daftness" over the wireless, Andrew had no special interest. He didn't much care for music and he paid little attention to the political discussions that went on at home. "Mom was Labour," Jean said," and the rest of us were the other side."

Aside from the dislocations of the war, there were no crises in his childhood, at least not on the surface, no deaths among those he loved, no obvious hurts. The war started when Andrew was not yet 11. His father, who had been in the Engineers in the first war went into the Signal Corps for this one. His older brother went into the Air Force and was captured by the Japs.

Andrew spent the next six years in a home where there was no man, where even his sister Rena was called up for service, where worry and sorrow over the fate of his brother dominated his mother's life.

His was not an isolated case. The war made numberless boys fatherless for its duration, some forever.

Andrew was restless. The school-leaving age was still 14. When Andrew reached it he went on into an extra term.

"He might have stayed on," his father said. "His mother wanted him to go on. But he thought he was getting too big for school and when other boys dropped out to go to work, he did too. If they had stayed, he might have gone on."

Instead he went to work in the Public Baths. He liked it because it gave him a chance for the swimming he loved and it was only a temporary stopgap until he could get into the wireless course at Edinburgh College. He had always been "daft on the wireless" and he had a yearning to go to sea as a wireless operator.

He took the course and passed his examinations only to be stopped from getting a job by a change in the rules. He was

bitter about it and it was after this disappointment that he decided to join the Marines.

"Andrew was at a point when he was questioning everything, even his religion," his brother said.

"He was having trouble with his conscience, trouble with his faith," an older friend of the family commented.

"He had lost his faith," Hughie Gallacher, his friend, said.

"The boy didn't come to me with his doubts," Father Davitt told me. "He was already away from home when it happened."

Andy did not leave the church completely even then, but he told Sonnie he thought he was an atheist. He told Jean, however, when she asked him if he still went to Mass when he was away from home, that he did when he could though it wasn't always possible.

He was proud to be in the Royal Marines, proud of his uniform which he kept immaculate, proud of the traditions of the service which date back informally to the days of King Charles II. But he was restless again, seeking excitement and adventure.

"Andy told me he was going to volunteer for Malaya," his brother said. Sonnie, as an old soldier, advised him not to volunteer for anything. He didn't take this advice and when the special commando unit was made up to go to Korea he asked to go with them and was accepted.

At the time he told his folks he wanted to fight "the Com-mies." Sonnie feels he had some thoughts of revenging the treatment Sonnie had received at the hands of Korean guards during his own three and a half years' imprisonment with the Japanese.

"Sometimes," Sonnie said, "I cannot help but blame myself. I told him of my experiences, particularly with the Korean guards whom the Japs used. So he expected bad treatment and when the Chinese were kind, he was impressed and influenced."

It was in the summer of 1950 that Andrew volunteered for service with the Commandos. They were rushed to Korea in September in time for the big push to the Choisin reservoir on the Yalu river. And in time, too, for the tremendous counter move of massed Chinese. He was in a group of 25 that were

surrounded on November 29, 1950 and was the only one left alive when he was captured.

"I came close to death," Andrew wrote his parents later,—"how close you shall never know from my lips or pen."

For Andrew Condron, capture was even more bitter and the early days in prison camp were no less galling than they were to the Americans. But there were differences even then and later these became more obvious.

His expectation of cruel treatment when he knew he was to be taken prisoner was based on facts that he had heard from his own brother. His surprise and relief to find himself in the custody of Chinese who held out the hand of friendship were thereby increased.

He shared the misery of the early days in prison camp when there was neither enough space nor enough food. He wrote his father of huts so small that only one person could lie down at a time. Once the Chinese supplies had caught up and the camps were enlarged and more particularly after the peace negotiations had started, British prisoners generally were given somewhat better treatment whether or not they responded to the propaganda line.

"That was true with the Japs in my time," Condron's brother told me. "Bad as they were to us, they were worse to the Americans. They thought of the United States as their enemy and so did the Chinese in Korea."

This was by no means a consistent policy. Certainly no one survived worse treatment than that undergone by Fusilier Derek Godfrey Kinne of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers who was captured in April of 1951. Fusilier Kinne had only two objects in mind, according to a report published in 1955 by the Ministry of Defence on the treatment of British prisoners of war in Korea. These were:

"Firstly, to escape and secondly, by his contempt of his captors and his utter disregard for the treatment meted out to him, to raise the morale of his fellow prisoners."

Fusilier Kinne was beaten to the point of unconsciousness half a dozen times, kicked and prodded with bayonets, spat on, confined to a box for five days, thrown into a rat infested hole for 30 days. He was tied for periods up to 24 hours and made to

stand on tip-toes with a running noose around his neck which would have throttled him if he had relaxed in any way. He escaped twice only to be re-captured. Twice when guards hit him he struck back. One of his worst punishments was given him because the sub-machine gun with which a Chinese guard commander was beating him went off and killed the torturer himself. Finally he was sentenced to solitary confinement for being "a reactionary and hostile to the Chinese."

Fusilier Kinne received the George Cross for gallantry in captivity—"his example was an inspiration to all ranks who came in contact with him."

Also cited for the George Cross was Lieutenant Terrence Edward Waters of the West Yorkshire Regiment. A young officer, recently out of Sandhurst and himself wounded, he ordered his men to join the "Peace Fighters" group so that they could get decent quarters, better food and medical attention for their wounds. He himself stayed in the dark cave camp where all had been held and died there, refusing to make a deal with his captors for himself because he was "aware that the task of maintaining British prestige was vested in him."

Of the 978 British prisoners who returned from Korea, the Ministry of Defence estimated that among officers and senior N.C.O.s, who made up about 12 per cent. of the total, there were almost no defections. As to the others, about one-third "absorbed sufficient indoctrination to be classed as Communist sympathisers but most have likely responded to the influence of home life." A small minority—perhaps 40—according to the estimate came home convinced Communists; some of these had had Communist leanings before they went to Korea.

The United States Defence Department has published no comparable survey. Available facts would suggest that more American officers and senior non-coms succumbed to Communist propaganda and considerably fewer men in the ranks, possibly no more than 10 per cent.

Many other factors were involved, but one explanation for the difference lies in the orders given by Lieut. Waters to his men to cooperate to save their lives. Many British groups, under orders or by joint decision decided to give at least a show of cooperation. Others became "progressives singly, as did

Americans for better food and cigarettes, for medicine, through blackmail, as a cover, or in fear of brutal treatment."

"But in the pretence of 'progressive' sentiments," the report notes, "there was danger, and a number of prisoners discovered that through the continuous repetition of the Communist creed, they unconsciously assimilated Communist thoughts and views, and so gradually became sympathizers to various degrees."

The cleavage between the progressive and reactionary groups was not so extreme with the British as it was with the Americans. Fellow prisoners who had not been progressives expressed gratitude to Andrew for getting privileges for them they would not have had but for his favoured position with the Chinese.

According to his own testimony, Andrew was not an early convert to the Communists. "I wasn't much impressed with the study classes," he told Russell Spurr, Far East Correspondent of the *Daily Express*, who was allowed a private interview with him. "As a matter of fact I was very much against Communism," he added. "I developed my present political views through reading. I had always been a great reader but now I read Soviet novels and began to realize that Russians were real people just like you and me."

However, by November of 1952 there was no doubt that Condron had joined the progressive ranks. He sent home this chain letter:

"Dear Friend: As POWs we cannot help ourselves but you can help us. Only one thing keeps us from our loved ones, only one thing prevents peace in Korea and threatens wider war—the question of the return of prisoners of war.

"International law says that all prisoners must be returned when a war ends. We think this is justice. So do the British people. Only the American negotiators and some of their pals in Britain seem to think differently.

"If enough British people make themselves heard this question can be settled. A few minutes of your time and a few coppers can help to do this and earn the undying gratitude of all British prisoners.

"Don't let us down. Please don't break this chain. Sincerely,
Andrew M. Condrón.

"P.S. If you wish to help us further will you please write to your M.P., the United Nations, etc., and give your support for the return of all POWs to their homes."

The letter was started on its way but it didn't go far or have much effect. It is ironic now to realize that had it successfully affected the negotiations, Andrew would be back in his own country instead of in China.

Christmas of 1952, the Condróns received a hand-made Christmas card from their son including a poem he had written himself:

"Oh! Miles of Ocean we are apart
But Scotia's always near my heart
And though I am not by your side
I'll think of you this Christmastide."

Later he sent his father a small brown leather covered diary with a picture of Mao-Tse-Tung among its leaves. It was inscribed "with love from Andy" and had another handwritten poem on the fly-leaf which his father did not believe he had composed himself—"it is too deep for such a young man." Though Andrew had not yet cast his lot with the Chinese Reds there was a prophetic quality about it:

"That which is trying to-day
May be to-morrow's glory.
Life dips her pen in tears
To write the loveliest story.
Just as the shining diamond stars
Choose to write their eternal song
Not as a pale ray of light
But on the night sky dark and long.
Therefore let us not lose our faith
When our hearts are dark with sorrow
To-day may be a dark background
For a radiant to-morrow."

Andrew spent most of his prison camp years in Camp V on the Yalu River where the most likely progressives had been concentrated. Although the Reds' most insistent propaganda line with British soldiers was anti-Americanism, Andrew be-

came a close friend and confidant of Richard Corden of Providence, Rhode Island, who later became the leader of the Americans who stayed.

It has been suggested that Andrew, as a Scot in an English unit, was showing some native rebelliousness in palling up with an American instead of with his fellow British soldiers. It seems likely that his friendship with Corden had much to do with his eventual refusal to come home.

At any rate, his decision was made against a different background from that of the Americans. Of all the 22, Andrew is the only one who made anything like a decision on his own. Not that the Chinese hadn't pulled out all the stops to indoctrinate him. But there is good evidence to show that they had meant him to take his new political ideas home with him. They had to consider the possibility that his inclusion in the group might disturb the tenuous diplomatic relations that had been set up between Red China and Great Britain.

According to the story that Andrew told Spurr, of the *Daily Express*, the day before the group went behind the Iron Curtain, he had not made up his mind to stay until "about 2 weeks before repatriation."

"I thought about it a long time and carefully studied the Prisoner of War agreement before coming to a decision." (To his family he wrote that the agreement meant his own government had given him the choice of staying or going home.)

Spurr reminded him of the five years he still had left to serve with the Marines and asked if that prospect depressed him.

"I was rather mixed up," he replied, "and I couldn't see much ahead of me in life. I was always a strong individualist. I was proud of being in the Marines. You can say that I was well indoctrinated but I couldn't see any future once I was discharged at 30 in 1958."

"Now, of course, I look on Britain as an Imperialist country—I believe the British government, Socialist or Tory, works against the interests of the people."

Spurr protested that this was no reason to refuse to go home—"if you feel so strongly about these things why not accept

repatriation, leave the Marines and work for what you believe in."

"That's a difficult question. I really need time to answer it," Andrew replied. "I admit that in Britain political persecution isn't as violent as in the United States, but the difference isn't one of principle but of degree . . . Anyway I can do more here than by going home."

"How?" asked Spurr.

"That's my business," Andrew replied.

Asked about his family, Andrew faltered a little.

"That was the hardest decision of all. I have very close family ties. It took a lot to break them. Of course I have written to explain. Say this: 'Please don't worry. I realise what I am doing. It is being done of my own free will. I am certain that everything will work out all right and I will be able to see you again.'"

For one last time, Spurr asked him:

"Would you care to return?"

"Quite definitely not," was the answer. "One day perhaps you'll believe me."

In the official interview with the group as a whole, Andrew had a special British version of the parrot remarks: "I am not going back, because Britain has been turned into an American Colony."

The day afterwards, carrying a Red Standard in front of them, waving peace banners and singing "Solidarity for ever, the party makes us strong" to the tune of "John Brown's Body," the 22 headed for Red China.

From Kaisung, where they were outfitted with civilian clothes to replace the blue Chinese padded uniforms they had been wearing, Andrew wrote his family a long, emotional letter. It attempted to make them understand why he was in China instead of Bathgate. It made crystal clear how completely he had accepted everything the Chinese told him:

"Surely I was mistaken in thinking I could perceive in your letters a slight doubt on your part of the love which lies in my heart for you, Mum, and for you, Dad, or for all and everything at home? Believe me when I say that this love is now

much more profound, much deeper than it has ever been in my life. I am not playing with phrases. I mean every word.

"It's easy to understand that you look upon my action as unbelievable, ridiculous, and seemingly contradictory to every expression of fondness and love. I know this. But think deeply, Mum and Dad. I considered everything when I made my decision and it was not an easy one to make.

"Think for a moment how I felt, and then try to realise the importance of what I believe—the importance I place in it—when it can outbalance so many things.

"But let's leave alone the politics of the thing! Let's look for a moment at the personal side. Do you remember September 1950? I was sent to Korea not knowing for what? I thought it would be a great adventure—just like the pictures! And then came the night of November 29. I thought I was doing right as did many young Germans in the last lot . . . You have heard or read about the slaughter and murder of innocent women and children that went on here in Korea. But do these words really reach into your feelings? Don't just glance over these words unthinkingly—try and relate them to yourselves.

"Imagine wee Mari (a niece) with her little face scorched beyond description with napalm—can you hear the screams and see the agonising future ahead for a child so treated? Korean or British? Where lies the difference?

"Is there a difference? No, children are the same the world over—they all can feel pain, they all have mothers who love them. Can you begin to understand the depth of the emotional experiences which I have undergone in the last three years and which cause me to do what I do in the knowledge that I can help bring about a peace which we all need? Please—I ask you to try.

"Or, Mum and Dad, does all this sound too far away? Tears are in my eyes as I try to put these feelings on paper. I want you to know that my love for you, for my family, people and country is deep-rooted and is ever growing. Don't be fooled by complex, temporary situations.

"I'm not quite certain as to my address yet, but for now I think you could just write me—Mr. A. Condron, care Red Cross Society of China, Peking, China—that should reach me

O.K. And when you write I want you to have overcome, partly at least, what you must have considered at first a terrible blow. Please do this for me. Know that I'm happy—doing what I want to do and knowing it to be in the true interests of you and all the people at home. Look beyond what at first glance seems grieving. Will you? After all, this world isn't such a big place, is it?

"Of course I'll write Sonnie and Rena from Peking—if they haven't disowned me. Tell Sonnie that his letter seared my heart and he hurt me as only a brother, who is as close as he is to me, can hurt. But I know that his wordy arrows were carved from his love for you, Mum, and this I share with him.

"And many thanks for the 'wee bit o' heather frae the garden.' I shall treasure it. What remains now but to send everyone my love and regards? You are always in my thoughts. Love. Andy."

Sonnie has continued to write since the letter that "seared my heart." That was written out of his own antagonism against Communism and his feeling that "if ever a boy loved his mother it was Andy—and he knew what he was doing; he knew what happened to my mother when *I* was away in prison camp."

Andy writes him regularly, enclosing a photograph now and then, telling him of his studies at the University of Peking and holiday visits to the Great Wall of China.

"But he never answers the questions you want him to answer," Sonnie remarked to me.

Sonnie McBryde was the first of Andrew's family whom I saw and he set the tone of warmth and hospitality I encountered with all the others. He lives in a neat pre-fab on high ground on the edge of Bathgate with his wife and children—he is now in the insurance business.

Sitting before the coal fire we talked of Andy and how this could have happened to him. Sonnie still doesn't understand.

"Sometimes," he said almost wistfully, "I wonder if he is there for a reason—it's a crazy hope of course, but it would be like him."

He discounted the effect of Sonnie's ignorance of the reasons for the Korean war.

"Any war is the wrong war, if you're in the fighting," he said out of the depths of his own experience.

He sent me on to Alloa in Clackmannan to see his sisters, Jean, now Mrs. Young and Mattie, now Mrs. Anderson. He reminded me that he had been away in the important years when Andy was growing up—"but Jean could tell you about him then."

I found Jean in the millinery shop she runs in Alloa along with a dressmaking business with her sister. We sat and talked in the back room of the shop for a while and then she invited me to come back to their flat and see her sister, who was home ill, and have lunch.

We talked of many things besides Andrew and the war. Jean has blue eyes with a merry twinkle, her hair is blonde, her skin creamy white—"but Andrew had red hair, not carrot red but golden red."

She has thought a lot about why Andy took this step and hasn't been able to find the answers. "He wanted to know things for himself," she says. "Once he said he wouldn't mind dying just to see what it was like and maybe he might try to be a communist just to see what that was like."

They called him *Red* in the Marines and now she wonders if it was because of his hair or his ideas though neither she nor anyone else in the family ever heard him express sympathy for Communism in the leaves he spent, often in Alloa.

I had tried to see Patrick Condron the day before without success. Now I started back to Bathgate once more because he had sent a message to his step-daughter that if I came to see her she was to tell me he would be at home this day.

On the way I stopped to see Rena, now Mrs. Lawson, Andrew's full sister, whose red-gold hair, she admitted shyly, was much like Andrew's. Her eyes filled with tears when she talked of her brother. She was worried that Andrew had been classified as a deserter. She felt that he had been promised by the British "that nothing had to happen to anyone who didn't come back."

At the Condron home, Andrew's father, slim, grey haired, with deep blue eyes, looking younger than his 58 years, ushered me up to the family living room where mementoes

and pictures of Andrew were everywhere, including a thick pile of letters he has written home. There was a picture of him in his Royal Marine uniform, and one he had sent from prison camp before he became one of the group that stayed, with this message: "Hope this will suffice until I get home in the flesh."

There was the recent letter describing the difficulties for a foreigner of learning Chinese, his main subject at Peking University.

"I know about 600 to 800 characters now," Andrew wrote, "and the average vocabulary is around 3,000 . . . It's a very useful language to know and next to English it's the second most widely spoken language in the world."

He also wrote of friends he had found in Peking—a Canadian doctor doing research work, a couple of Londoners living in Peking and remarked how good it was to "get among intellectuals."

In the packet of letters was one from Andrew's American companion, Richard Corden, written in sympathy after the death of Mrs. Condron.

"I lost both my parents when but a young lad," Corden wrote Andrew's father, "but I have never ceased to think of them and I shall always remember them until I, too, must succumb to the same power that seized them at such an early age."

Calling Andrew "a truly wonderful man with a deep concern for others' welfare," Corden prophesied "a bright future before him" and added that he "looked forward to the day when you are reunited with your son and I surely feel that it is not in the too far-distant future."

Mr. Condron is as puzzled as is the rest of the family over the reasons for Andy's choice.

"He must have had sleepless nights before he made up his mind," his father said, "just for his mother's sake. She had great faith that he would come back. He was at the age of doubt and they gave him those books to read and he was glad to read anything."

In some ways the father is resigned to it, now that he knows Andy is well and seemingly happy. Abe Moffat, Communist

head of the United Miners of Scotland, brought him personal news of Andy after he visited him in Peking in 1954 where he had gone with a Scottish delegation to join in the Red May-Day celebrations there.

At the time I talked to Mr. Condron he was waiting for a representative of the return delegation from China to Scotland for the 1955 May-Day celebration. He had been told they would pick up some presents he had ready for Andrew—a fine watch, a pen and pencil and his overcoat.

Before leaving Bathgate I called on one of Andrew's uncles, James Condron, himself interested enough in Communist ideas to be a subscriber to the London *Daily Worker*.

He was less inclined to talk than other members of the family—"It's not for me to say anything about what Andy thinks. I'm here. I'm not there. Maybe he was afraid; I've heard that other prisoners said they would fling the progressives over the side of the boat on the way home. I'm sure of one thing: he isn't a deserter."

Andy writes his uncle regularly, though he had little contact with him before he left home. He had just written a letter telling of how he was playing football—"a strange occurrence so far as lazy old me is concerned and I've cut down on my smoking a bit in the hope of building up my wind for swimming in the summer."

In addition to Chinese, he told his uncle, he was studying the International Relations of the various countries from the last war to the present.

"I enjoy every minute of it and my only complaint is there are only 24 hours in a day and 7 days in a week! because my time is well occupied and I have so much to learn.

"By the way, did you receive a copy of *Thinking Soldiers*? Let me know what you think of it. Before I forget, Jim, I told Dad to ask you if you would send me your old *Daily Workers* every week. Do you think you could?"

A copy of the book he referred to, *Thinking Soldiers*, was sent to each member of the family. Sonnie let me have his copy: "we have enough of them around here."

It is a collection of poems and "true life stories" written by prisoners during their time in the Korean camps. Most of

the pieces had been printed in propaganda newspapers circulated in the camps and sent to families of prisoners.

Condrón, Corden and LaRance Sullivan were listed as editors, with their picture on the dust jacket. In an introduction they had only this to say about themselves:

"As many people know, the editors of this book are among 21 (one has died) American and British soldiers who have chosen for the present to live in China. This has given us the opportunity to act for peace in a number of ways and it is here that we have compiled this book."

Before I left Scotland I went to call on Abe Moffat at United Miners headquarters in Edinburgh. As he fenced verbally with me over my wish to know his impressions of Andrew after his visit to him in Peking, I judged he would be an able and wary adversary.

"Anyone in Scotland can tell you what my politics are," Moffat said with some belligerence, "but I'll not speak for the lad—nor for anyone else. I will say he's well and happy. A fine specimen of manhood—I've never seen a better. I didn't know the lad before he went to China."

His refusal to speak for anyone else extended to the Chinese miners delegation in Edinburgh when I sought to find out if they would in fact take back the presents Mr. Condrón was holding. Instead one of its delegates launched into a discussion of the troubles of the miners in Scotland, the persecution of Communists and the story of his own life and its progression to Communism, prefacing it with the wry remark—"You see I'm a Communist and I do not wear horns."

Before he had finished, my driver sent up word that he had another appointment and I left without knowing the end of his story.

* * * *

Though they had a few points in common, Andrew Condrón does not fit into the general pattern of the American soldiers who stayed.

He did not grow up in poverty as did many of the Americans. He was not the product of a broken home; there was no record of cruelty against him; he did not have the difficult adjustment to a stepfather.

Andrew was an outgoing boy, accepted by his schoolmates, not withdrawn or picked on; "If someone had tried to pick on him," Jean emphasized, "he'd have darn well picked right back."

His I.Q. was somewhat better than average and his school record was good, though not as extensive as he would have liked. Even before he left home he felt that as things were it was an uphill struggle to better yourself. He thought, his father said, that you couldn't get on "without an old school tie."

Andrew, no more than the Americans, knew the reason why the United Nations were fighting in Korea; nor had he any knowledge of Communist methods. Like the Americans he expressed surprise that Russians were people "just like you and me."

On the other hand, as a Scot and a Briton he had grown up in a climate quite different from the American boys. Though his religion was against Communism three of his uncles had been close to the Party; though the great majority of Scots are against Communism, Scotland once returned a Communist to Parliament. The heads of at least two unions were open and avowed Communists. There are no Smith Acts in Great Britain. "We are an old country and we have finally learned that the worst way to handle a minority is to martyrize it; give them enough rope and they will take care of themselves" summarizes the attitude of most Britons.

And the Scottish Communist is a special breed, according to John Buchan, who, in *Castle Gay*, says:

"The Scottish Communist is a much misunderstood person. When he is a true Caledonian . . . he is simply the lineal descendant of the old Radical. The Scottish Radical was a man who held a set of inviolable principles on which he was entirely unable to compromise. It didn't matter what the principles were; the point was that they were like the laws of Sinai, which could not be added to or subtracted from. When the Liberal Party began to compromise, he joined Labour; when Labour began to compromise, by a natural transition, he became a Communist. Temperamentally he has not changed. He is simply the stuff which in the seventeenth century made

the unyielding Covenanter, and in the eighteenth the inflexible Jacobite. He is honesty incarnate but his mind lacks flexibility."

In many ways Andrew fits this picture. As his parents wrote him, "you have always been determined, always sticking to your principle once you have made up your mind."

His uncle's suggestion that he might have been afraid of what the other prisoners would do to him was discounted by others in the family. Jean put it this way: "nobody could get him to do anything out of fear. It would make him do just the opposite." And no one in his camp appeared to have borne animosity against him.

On the basis of the available evidence, it seems clear that the Chinese had been outstandingly successful in indoctrinating him with Communism—but so had they with a great number of British soldiers who did come back.

The determining factor in his staying seems to rest on his conviction that the armistice agreement gave him free choice and that here was a ready-made way to get a University education and the cultural advantages of foreign travel. He did not feel that there would be any bar to his returning home, as did the Americans, so his "decision" was not, in his mind, such an irrevocable one.

In the book he edited in Peking, Andrew is listed as an "ex-Royal Marine." This is not true. Although the Americans were given dishonourable discharges the day after they went behind the Iron Curtain, Andrew who had still five years to serve, was not discharged.

The American soldiers had an average of \$5,000 due to them in back pay, which was cancelled on their discharge. Andrew had between £300 and £400 in back pay which was not taken away from him—"he had earned it, hadn't he," an Admiralty spokesman said. Andrew filled out papers in China and signed the money over to his mother.

The laconic word "run" on his record means that if and when he returns to Great Britain he will be subject to court martial as a deserter. Andrew, of all the 22, is the only one who has ever talked seriously of returning home. Whatever thoughts of coming back had been in the minds of the Americans

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must have been jolted when the two who did come out before the deadline received 10 and 20 year sentences. Once he knows the possibilities in store for him Andrew Condrón may find that the decision he made to get an education was also a sentence of exile.

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THE story of how the Chinese Reds subjugated twenty-two prisoners-of-war to the point where they refused to come home, is a horror story without relief, with the victims writing their own death warrants and supplying the weapons for their own destruction.

It is a revelation of how the compassionate techniques of modern psychiatry are perverted to the cold business of changing an individual into a utility, of how group loyalty is twisted into group tyranny, surveillance and coercion; of how invasion of privacy ends inevitably in the blanking out of free will and finally of personality itself.

No one reading the unhappy stories of these men—stories of broken homes, poverty, brutal treatment, serious emotional problems and scanty education—could fail to see how vulnerable they were, how pitifully ill-equipped to withstand the psychological warfare the Reds waged against them.

Does this mean then that the kid down the street would be safe? Hardly. Millions of American boys are growing up under circumstances that would make them just as vulnerable, were they exposed in the same way as were the twenty-two.

And if the underprivileged and the weak, the rejected and the sinned against, are lambs for the Communist slaughter of innocence, that is not the whole story.

Beyond that, no one, however stalwart, however secure, however ideal his background—only that paragon without a flaw, without a secret, without a hidden hurt—could withstand the full force of the cruelly corroding methods the Communists use, unless armed with the only successful defence, knowledge of what those methods are and how they achieve their ends.

We cannot just shed a tear for the unreturned and go on to breathe a sigh of satisfaction that after all there were only twenty-two. There could have been more. There were more who volunteered. There were at least four hundred who became progressives, collaborating with the Chinese to the extent of taking an active part in their propaganda campaign, attempting to win others over to the line and even informing on their fellow prisoners.

Fortunately, the Communists were not able to bring their full force to bear at every point; fortunately they were not infallible and made some mistakes; and finally, time was against them when they belatedly decided, forty days before the armistice, to parry the effect of the twenty-three thousand prisoners-of-war on their side who refused to return home.

This meant that they could only develop a token force to keep back and had to pick those whom their methods would soften up most quickly. That is why it is these particular twenty-two who will never come home.

Some of the most likely progressives had already been sent back to do a propaganda job in the United States, "ringers" in the limited exchange of wounded prisoners in April of 1953 ("Operation Little Switch") which took place before the Communists decided how to parry the fact that thousands of their own prisoners-of-war would refuse repatriation.

Those who remained, whether progressives or not, had been through the weakening torture, the despair and uncertainty of almost three years of prison life. They had suffered from privation and lack of privacy; they had been subjected to blaring, relentless propaganda, day in and day out, and the further psychological effects of little or no word from home.

The Communists had to have leaders for the group and these were carefully selected from among those who had already been worked over. For the rest, in their scheme of things, it was necessary only that they be controllable—sheep—or men who had broken down under the stresses of prison life and were for that reason malleable.

So far as possible the Communists chose the twenty-two from what they termed the peasant and the beggar class: poor marginal farm dwellers and town-bred relief clients. Only a

few with leadership qualities were needed. For this they chose Corden, the proud New Englander with the high I.Q. who had never recovered from the beatings of his childhood; Sullivan, the Negro athletic champion with the unhappy history; and Tenneson, the Minnesota boy who had lived around and whose innately bright mind had never found a channel.

Then they sat them down and told them to write the stories of their lives. And did not tell them why. They wrote a page, maybe a page and a half. Do it over again, they were told; write more; and over again, and more, until they had written perhaps fifty pages.

They were not told—they did not know—that everything they said would be used against them. And in those pages they revealed themselves. They could not help it. No matter how masked with verbiage, they stood revealed: their hates and their loves, their shames and their misplaced hopes, their dreams and their weaknesses.

To be a prisoner means to lead one's life in public. Now with the Communists' knowledge of their inner thoughts and feelings, they were stripped of all privacy. Through their detailed knowledge of their past lives, gleaned from the stories they had themselves written, the Communists had the clues to each man's personality and the means to eliminate his individuality. They could repress or encourage the elements they wanted.

They reconstructed a man's life story and evaluated it in their own terms, made him see it as they saw it, in a calculated inversion of the technique a psychiatrist uses to help a patient gain greater insight and understanding of his past.

They could probe old wounds and make them flare up again. When a cause of resentment showed up in the victim's story, they could lead him by easy stages up to the point where they could persuade him that it was the system that was at fault.

To those who showed that they felt rejected they would give sympathy and attention.

"You see that we don't reject you. It's the system—American imperialism—not you, that is wrong."

For one, they might bring up incidents in his past which could be used to make a prisoner squirm and then convince

him that it would be embarrassing, perhaps even dangerous, for him to go home.

The same technique was used in connection with incidents that happened at camp, specifically the signatures they had managed to corral from almost everyone on peace petitions. They would bring a candidate in and show him the "fine print" he hadn't bothered to read when he signed it, or even a completely different document with his signature clipped and pasted on.

"Of course you can't go home after signing this," they would point out, ever so gently.

It was even easier with those they had led into informing on their prison mates. It wasn't hard to convince Billy Cowart, for instance, that he had no friends among the Americans—only among the Chinese, or that he had gone so far he couldn't come back.

Nor was it difficult to play on Richard Tenneson's feelings that he'd never had a square deal. Or to show Richard Corden, whom they installed as leader, that his proud abilities had been consistently ignored all his life until he got to prison camp.

They got to LaRance Sullivan, the Negro from Santa Barbara, through his tortured mixture of love and shame for his unfortunate mother.

"It was the system that was wrong, not your mother. In our culture she is a heroine; in America she was put in jail for faults that were not hers but the system's."

With Belgian-born Albert Belhomme, in many ways the most knowledgeable of the group, it was still possible to use his hopes for a brave new world and the hatred of Hitlerism which he had gained during his years under Nazi occupation.

Since he had lived in America but a short time and it had happened to him once before it was not hard to convince him that the United States was now dominated by a home-grown variety of Nazism.

For Morris Wills, his marriage to a Chinese nurse, the daughter of a Communist general, was the jumping-off point.

To woo Otho Bell, letters from his wife could be withheld or manipulated to make it appear that she had deserted him.

With Veneris, his nickname, "the Greek," was the tool to persuade him that he had never been truly accepted by his fellow Americans.

With Andrew Fortuna, the touchstones were many: his difficulties with his stepfather; his mother's inadequacies; his brushes with the police over his brother's criminal career.

It took no genius to persuade Elbert Douglas that only the Chinese had any interest in him. And so it went, on down the line.

With Andrew Condron, the lone Britisher there was less for them to work on but also less need to play on weakness. Great Britain had a semblance of diplomatic relations with the Chinese; it had no laws against being a Communist; there were no McCarthys. The step for Andrew did not carry the awesome finality that it did for the Americans. He had been thoroughly indoctrinated during his three years in prison camp. There were only two more things that had to be done: convince him that China held out opportunities for a University education which he could never get at home and persuade him that, under the armistice terms, his own country had given him the option to stay. Once that had been accomplished the Chinese could take the risk with Condron even of allowing him a private interview with a British newspaper correspondent. They understood that he had always been "determined," as his father had said, and would "stick to his principle" once he had made up his mind.

But this was only the beginning. To get them to agree not to go home was one thing; to assure that they could be counted on not to waver in that decision was of prime importance.

To accomplish this the Chinese brought into play techniques that sound like a chapter out of George Orwell's "1984". These consisted of group and self-criticism; in the degree they were used on the American prisoners-of-war, they are a peculiarly Chinese contribution to Communist methods.

The chosen men were brought together as a group; they studied together, played together, worked together, ate together, slept together—under control.

Every day they had a session of "group criticism."

"What was Webb doing at three o'clock this morning talking to outsider John Doe?"

Webb was just exchanging pleasantries with the outsider, but he had to explain himself. The next time he has such an encounter he will tell on himself first, for fear someone else saw him. The sense of surveillance, for eyes on him at all times becomes complete. He does not even dare think outside the pattern for fear it might show.

This technique was refined to an even further degree when the group got to the compound at Panmunjon. No letter or message came into or went out of the compound that wasn't read aloud to the whole group.

No decision was made by any man on his own. No man was allowed to talk to any outsider on his own. The letters written to Wilson's sister and Tenneson's mother when she came to Tokyo were group compositions.

The Communists had selected the twenty-four on the basis of "reliability" rather than their adherence to Communist precepts. Under the Communist system you use the individual where you can—as a utility. He doesn't have to be a Communist to be used. In order to be considered reliable he has only to be placed in a niche and be willing to stay there.

They were wrong about the reliability of two of the men: Batchelor and Dickenson. They could have been wrong about some of the others and they knew it. That's why the group discipline had to be so strong at camp and be augmented by the fact that 325 South Korean non-repatriates surrounded them in the compound.

Dickenson's "escape" was an ironic accident. LaRance Sullivan, whom the Chinese had worked on until they were sure of his reliability, was planted in the hospital outside the compound. He was suffering from tuberculosis, but that wasn't the reason he was in hospital. He was there as the group agent to keep under control any of the others who might be taken ill.

What happened with Dickenson had not been foreseen or blueprinted. He developed a throbbing toothache at two in the morning. His bunk mates refused to wake up and give him any sympathy. He walked the court, up and down, and up and down. Finally he appealed to an Indian guard, who

could not speak English but at least gathered the prisoner-of-war was in pain and took him to the hospital. Sullivan was asleep. The Indian doctor who came to treat him could speak English.

"Why don't you want to go home?" the doctor said.

Dickenson's toothache seemed to have washed out the automatic responses the Communists had taught him.

"I do want to go home," he said. The door to freedom that opened for him then may prove instead to be a door to federal prison, if the ten-year sentence he has been given is upheld on appeal.

Claude Batchelor was the second—and the last—to come out. He too is under sentence now: twenty years. Letters from his Japanese wife were given credit for making him change his mind. But his demotion as leader of the group in favour of Corden may have interrupted the patterns the Communists had laid down in his mind sufficiently to allow himself to pull free.

"You see," he wrote to Jewell Bell, wife of one of the twenty-two who stayed, "I exerted a lot of influence over those fellows. In every election they held I got a unanimous vote. They looked to me for guidance in Marxist philosophy until I became convinced that what I was doing was wrong."

Batchelor tried to explain to Mrs. Bell what happened to the prisoners-of-war during their imprisonment.

"You see, he (Bell) like myself," Batchelor wrote, "was one of those prisoners of war who wanting to do good for the American people fell for a bit of the Communist propaganda and became what was known as progressives. But other G.I.'s started labelling them rats, informers, traitors, etc. when actually they were under the impression that what they were doing was right.

"When you consider the fact that we prisoners-of-war never heard one controversial word concerning the Communists in over three years of captivity whereas we had nothing but Communism drummed into our minds, it is no wonder that hundreds of prisoners-of-war wanting to be good Americans, believed what the Communists told them, and ruined themselves, thinking they were doing a heroic thing.

"Myself I can never be the same again, thinking how I was deceived. I can only thank God I found out in time. Yet, I shall always feel bad because I failed in my efforts to get others to follow me . . .

"I saw several young American boys who either died or were killed in the Korean conflict. I almost got killed myself. It made one's blood boil at the terrible destruction of innocent lives. But instead of directing my hate where it belonged to the people that caused these men to die, I directed it to the men who sent them eight thousand miles away to be killed. I considered the Korean war to be useless. I blamed not the Communists for killing these men, but the American government for sending them to to die.

"Three years' experience has given me an education I shall never forget. I know now beyond all doubt that the Korean war was by no means useless as many Americans today think. I know we owe a lot to the men in government to have the foresight to send our troops to Korea before the Communists had a chance to take over the Philippines, Japan and eventually the United States."

Commenting on the future of the twenty-two, Batchelor wrote:

"I believe the Chinese will send them to school like they promised. But a Communist school is nothing like our system of free education. They will have nothing but Communism to read in magazines, novels, newspapers and to see in the movies. They will not be able to forget it for one moment. In short, they will read, eat, sleep and play Communism until there is nothing else left but these pictures in their distorted minds. In a few years as former Americans they will point to America with a certain amount of authority in Communist countries and say terrible things about their homeland."

The court martial action taken against Dickenson and Batchelor bring up an important point. Although none of the twenty-four recalcitrant prisoners-of-war were promised forgiveness for any crimes they committed in prison camp, they were assured that if they changed their minds and came home, the fact that they had temporarily been persuaded to refuse repatriation would not be held against them.

Technically, that promise has been kept. They have been sentenced only for offences committed in prison camp. But since many—perhaps hundreds—of other prisoners-of-war who committed similar offences have not been brought to trial, it seems obvious that they were prosecuted chiefly because of their connection with the group.

It is notable too, that up to this writing the few officers put on trial for collaborating with the enemy and informing on fellow prisoners have been usually acquitted—in one case sentenced merely to “involuntary discharge,” the officer corps euphemism for what would be dishonourable discharge for an enlisted man.

All during the three-month period allowed by the armistice for “explanations” by their own countrymen, the group refused to listen to our official explainers. They also censored letters from family and friends; the pathetic recordings that each home circle made to appeal to their boy were not allowed inside the compound. Only at the end, when the twenty-two were about to leave for China and the final days of grace were over, were newspaper correspondents permitted to speak to them. And then they all parroted the same sentiments.

For these men, hope is gone. From the Communist point of view they are “expendable utilities,” according to Joseph D. Lohman, Chicago University sociologist who acted as consultant to the U.N. Repatriation Command in Korea.

“With all their shortcomings—these were plentiful and used by the Communists in establishing their control—they were caught in the seamless web of Communist intrigue, conspiracy, and group methods of control and indoctrination,” Lohman says, but he thinks there is an answer for the future.

“If and when the unrelenting and coercive group methods of the Communists are exposed and made widely known, they become powerless and ineffective. Communism must be recognised for what it is, a diabolical power system. A major answer to the Communist threat is to make clear to those who may be exposed to its methods, the nature of those methods and the way in which they are designed to break an individual through the destruction of his privacy and an all-embracing system of collective coercion.”

Certainly* American prisoners-of-war were not prepared sufficiently for the psychological strains they were to bear. The six hours of classes in psychological warfare and Communism scheduled for every G.I. are obviously ineffective; most prisoners-of-war do not recall ever hearing anything about Communism in their army training.

Our soldiers were never given any understanding of the reasons why they were fighting in Korea. They had no answers for the Communist gibes.

Nor did their schools give them any rounded idea of what Communism is or what it stands for. For the twenty-two, as for most of the prisoners-of-war that did return, Communism was a dirty word, a faceless menace.

Most educators I talked to believe that Communism should be a subject for instruction in the schools; that the "climate" of our times prevents it; that they are further hindered by having few teachers who themselves know enough about it to teach.

Because of their ignorance that Communism is sometimes, if only verbally, "on the side of the angels," these twenty-two, with their religious upbringing, were astounded to hear the Chinese express Biblical sentiments about the "brotherhood of man" and "peace on earth." It made it easy for the Chinese to convince many that the lies were on their own side rather than on the Communist side.

In this context it is particularly interesting that the Negroes, no better educated than their white comrades in arms, were much more sophisticated on the subject of Communism—"A lot of our boys had been worked over by them back home."

The army's replacement system, together with its lack of emphasis on pride of outfit for the lowly infantryman, can take some share of the blame. Joseph Louttit, of Monongahela, Pa., who won the Bronze Star for his heroism in prison camp, belonged to the 187th Regiment—airborne—and he was proud of it. He and nine others from his outfit formed a phalanx so solid against Communist efforts to corrupt them that they had to be broken up and separated.

The problem presented by the personality weaknesses of the twenty-two prisoners-of-war the Communists caught is more

diverse. Educators in every section of the country pointed out that the problems of the slow learner, the emotionally disturbed child, the withdrawn child are widespread. These twenty-two do not represent isolated cases but represent millions who grow up hurt and under educated.

As of now, few communities are equipped to cope with a problem which must be met on three levels: the economic, the educational and the psychological.

In Akron a start has been made at the Miller Occupational School, which Rush attended, and where the problem of the slow learners is dealt with. It is a problem which has taken on increased importance with the comparatively recent laws compelling truly universal education in America.

Formerly, students who did not do well in school could drop out and find a niche for themselves. Now, laws prevent children from leaving school before they are sixteen; and fewer and fewer jobs of any kind are open to the illiterate. The slow learner who does not get special attention gets no more education, even when he is passed up, from grade to grade, than if he had dropped out; he is only subjected to the scorn of his brighter classmates and leaves school with the added burden of a consciousness of his own "stupidity" and a feeling of being an outsider.

In addition, the impact of the slow learner on the general classroom has slowed the progress of the particularly gifted student, even dulled the wits of the bright boy and led him into habits that may mean he will never fulfil his own promise.

The problem of the country school boy transferring to a consolidated town high school cropped up in several of the life stories. Principals are aware of the difficulty of integrating the rural children with the town children. And they are aware of the further problem of the farm child whose parents often are impatient with the time their child "wastes" in school. Neither problem has yet been solved.

The emotionally disturbed child, either on the increase or more readily recognized than formerly, adds to the general problem of education.

Only in Santa Barbara, LaRance Sullivan's home town, of all I visited, has a beginning been made in considering the

whole problem of the child and his environment, in recognizing that every child who is not helped means a new generation of children who will need further help.

Dr. Charlotte D. Elmott, director of child guidance in Santa Barbara, believes strongly that the community's programme must be concerned with the "least of these" if "we are to bring up citizens strong enough to defend American democracy."

"We have made considerable gains in our community since the war," she said, "and have added a mental hygiene clinic and have much better use of psychiatric consultancy." However, the growth of the city and the increase of the child population "means that many social agencies must limit their services to children whose problems are already clearly defined, thus making their attention from preventive work with very little children."

What about patriotism? Did the twenty-two lack a feeling of love and loyalty for their country? Their schools taught them to salute the flag and to sing the National Anthem. It is true that most of them entered the army for other than patriotic reasons. Only three enlisted after the beginning of the Korean fighting. Only one enlisted with the express desire to fight for his country. This was Tenneson who said "even if I should win the Congressional Medal of Honour it would not be enough to do for my country!" Yet, he was as easy a prey for the Communists as any of the twenty-two.

Patriotism is not easy to pin down. But it seems clear that love of country must be based on love of home and community first of all. Few of these twenty-two had much reason to love their home or their community. Few had ever had a stable home—or anything stable in their lives at which they could hold.

There remains the ultimate problem: Every human being has his breaking point, no matter how well prepared for psychological resistance. Starvation and physical torture can so corrupt the mind and the will to resist that no one, however strong, physically, mentally or emotionally to begin with, can be sure he will not break.

Thirty-six American fliers, for instance, signed germ warfare confessions. These were all officers, men with high I.Q.'s, superior education, special training and responsibilities.

Cold, endless repetition, illness, loneliness and systematic degradation, said Marine Col. Frank H. Schwable, brought him to the point where he signed a long and ridiculously detailed confession.

"They say black is white, you say it is not. But you wind up agreeing."

Fellow officers who had not broken testified for him, saying he had undergone more than they had and they could not truly say they could have stood up under the treatment he had received.

Lt. Quinn, who was used to convince prisoners-of-war that their country was guilty of germ warfare, told a story similar to Schwable's after he returned to freedom.

Solitary confinement, disgusting food, scanty clothing, endless hours of interrogation and repetition led to the eventual wearing away of the will so that "what they told you to say began to have more reality than the truth."

The minds of these men cleared when they hit the air of freedom. This was not so for some of the prisoners-of-war progressives who returned home.

More spectacular was the "hangover" that Dr. Malcolm Bersohn of New York and Mrs. Adele Austin Ricketts of Yonkers, a Fullbright student, displayed when they emerged from Red China in the spring of 1955 after three and a half years in prison under charges of espionage.

Both denounced themselves, in remarkably similar language, for having been "wicked reactionaries" in contrast to the "good" and "peace-loving" Chinese. Of course they were guilty as charged, the two insisted. "No one is arrested in China unless he is guilty."

The suggestion has come from several sources that instead of limiting our prisoners to the Geneva Convention of giving their name, rank and serial number and then buttoning up their mouths, they be told to admit anything and everything (except military information) that their captors request, and more; that we announce this as a national policy so that nothing they "confess" can be used as a propaganda weapon.

This would give our soldiers not merely a defensive but an offensive weapon against the devious, barbaric and inhuman

measures the Communists do not hesitate to use. With it we could sow our own confusion. We would not merely stand and take it; we could hit back.

Whatever decision is made on that score, there are clearly three steps that need to be taken to prevent a recurrence of the tragedy of the twenty-two.

1. Soldiers must be given the ideological weapons they need as well as the guns to fight against the enemy's psychological warfare. They need to know why they are fighting and they need to know the kind of propaganda the enemy will use against them. They also need a greater sense of belonging—pride of outfit.

2. Schools all over the country must be assisted in coping with the problem of the slow learner and the emotionally disturbed child. This is not only for their benefit but for that of the bright children they may hold back and keep from becoming the leaders this country needs.

3. We must not let fear of Communism keep us from being fully informed about it—good points as well as bad—so that future generations are not taken in when they find out that Communists don't beat their grandmothers. The hush-hush dirty-word attitude toward Communism made these twenty-two a much easier prey for the Chinese Reds than they would ever have been if they had understood how and why Communism happened and what its aims were and what they have become.

If every man has his breaking point, it still is not necessary to make the process as easy as it was with the twenty-two prisoners-of-war. Had they any sophistication about Communism, the conspiracy which operated so successfully that twenty-two stayed with the Reds might have failed.

APPENDIX

(The following analysis applies only to the 21 American Soldiers)

GENERAL

- 20 had never heard of Communism except as a dirty word.
- 20 had no idea what they were fighting for in Korea.
- 18 grew up in poverty (eight knew real deprivation).
- 16 came from small towns or rural communities.
- 17 didn't finish high school.
- 16 had homes broken by death, divorce or separation.
- 18 took no part in school activities or sports.
- 16 were withdrawn, lone wolves (four of these were picked on).
- 20 were regular army volunteers but only one volunteered to fight.
- 16 were average or below in I.Q. (five were well below normal).
- 19 curiously were oldest or only boy in the family.
- 15 were twenty-one years of age or younger when they were captured; three were seventeen; four were eighteen; five were nineteen.

Two won the Bronze Star for Heroism, five were veterans of World War II; only three were ever in trouble with the army; only three were ever in trouble with the juvenile authorities and that was minor. Two went to college but under relaxed requirements for G.I.'s. Only one came from a big metropolitan city, Detroit. Only one was ever chosen by his classmates for anything. Two were married; one had a child he had never seen.

HOME BACKGROUND—MATERIAL CIRCUMSTANCES

- 1 of the 21 was well off, better than average.
- 2 of the 21 were comfortably fixed, about average.
- 10 of the 21 were poor when boys were growing up, some better off now.
- 8 of the 21 knew extreme poverty and deprivation.

APPENDIX

KIND OF COMMUNITY

- 6 of the 21 lived in rural communities.
- 3 of the 21 lived in small towns.
- 2 of the 21 lived in company towns.
- 8 of the 21 lived in small cities.
- 1 of the 21 grew up in metropolitan Detroit.
- 1 of the 21 grew up in Antwerp, Belgium.

EDUCATIONAL AND INTELLECTUAL BACKGROUND

- 19 of the 21 were considered under educated by their teachers no matter what grade they had attained in school; this includes the two "college" boys.
- 2 of the 21 had satisfactory education.
 - Of these:
 - One graduated from an American high school with good grades.
 - One was European-educated with command of several languages.

SCHOOLING

- 5 of the 21 didn't go beyond the eighth grade.
- 13 of the 21 went to high school but didn't finish.
- 3 of the 21 graduated from high school.
- 2 of the 21 went to college without finishing high school.

I.Q.

- 5 of the 21 had better than average I.Q., one extremely high.
 - None of these went to college.
- 11 of the 21 had average of low-average I.Q.
 - Two of these went to college.
- 5 of the 21 had low I.Q.
 - Four of these didn't get beyond eighth grade.

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

- 19 of the 21 felt unloved or unwanted by fathers or stepfathers.
- 2 of the 21 showed signs of emotional maladjustment for undetermined reasons.

APPENDIX

BROKEN HOMES

- 11 of the 21 lost their fathers at an early age, through divorce or death. Three of these also lost their mothers.
2 of the 21 lost their mothers only, at an early age.
8 of the 21 had both parents, till married, when they went into the army.

THE ELEVEN WHO LOST THEIR FATHERS

- 8 of the 11 lost fathers through divorce.
3 of the 11 lost fathers through death.
- - - - -
9 of the 11 mothers remarried; only one boy took stepfather's name.
Eight had different names than rest of family.
10 of the 11 had unstable homes, at times lived with relatives, in foster homes, institutions, unsure of where they would go next.
- - - - -
6 of the 11 were treated with extreme brutality by fathers or stepfathers. In addition, mothers of two of these were problem drinkers.
2 of the 11 got along badly with stepfather.
2 of the 11 had good surface relations with stepfathers but expressed resentment outside home.
1 of the 11 lost stepfather by divorce, too.

THE TWO WHO LOST ONLY THEIR MOTHERS

- 1 of the 2 had stepmother and resented her.
2 of the 2 were afraid of their fathers.

THE EIGHT WHO HAD BOTH PARENTS

- 3 of the 8 were afraid of their fathers.
3 of the 8 were estranged from their fathers.
2 of the 8 were seemingly on good terms with their fathers.
- - - - -
3 of the 8 had unstable homes, fathers who worked or stayed away from home, family moved often.
1 of the 8 had language barrier, Parents could speak no English. He could speak little of their language.

APPENDIX

RELATIONSHIP WITH MOTHERS

- 5 of the 21 lost their mothers when they were young.
Three of these also lost their fathers.
- 5 others were away from mothers in early childhood; all five
had also lost fathers by death or divorce.
- 2 of the 21 had mothers who were problem drinkers.
- 4 of the 21 had mothers who worked away from home.
- 5 of the 21 had mothers who were unusually strict or had high
intellectual standards that the boy could not attain.
- 1 of the 21 could not speak his mother's language; she could not
speak English.

POSITION IN FAMILY

- 19 of the 21 were only or oldest boy.
- 2 of the 21 were younger sons; both of these lost mothers.